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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the Liberator.

EASTERN RAILROAD,—COLORPHOBIA,—LYNCH-LAW,—ROBBERY,—QUAKERISM.

Dear Garrison:

While our feelings are excited with horror and indignation at the recent outbursts of lynch law and violence upon the poor, defenceless colored people of Cincinnati, it becomes my painful duty to chronicle the mobocratic proceedings of the Eastern Railroad Corporation for the few past weeks, upon the colored people and their friends, as they have come under my own personal observation. Never was there a more malicious and hyena-like spirit exhibited by any body of men, than by the servants of this company; who are acting under the orders and command of *Stephen A. Chase*, the superintendent,—who, by the way, is an influential member of the Society of Friends, of the Orthodox school.

You, no doubt, recollect the affray which took place the 6th of August last, on board the cars, on our way from Salem to Boston, when a respectable colored woman was invidiously selected out, insulted, and ordered into the "*negro car*," notwithstanding a great number expressed their unwillingness to have her leave. After the conductor learned that she was not my slave, but *bona fide* a free woman, nothing but her ejectment would satisfy him.

On the 8th of September, a more flagrant outrage was committed upon the person of our friend Douglas, who happens to be one or two shades darker than Daniel Webster. We purchased our tickets in Newburyport, for Portsmouth, being on our way to Dover, N. H. to attend the annual meeting of the Stafford County Anti-Slavery Society. Douglas took his seat by my side, in one of the long cars, as there was no difference in the price of our tickets. No sooner were we seated, than the conductor made his appearance, and peremptorily ordered Douglas to leave, and to take his seat in the forward car; meaning the "*Jim-Crow*,"—though he felt ashamed to call it by that name. It was in vain for those around him to remonstrate against this proscriptive policy. It was useless for us to inquire the reason why he, in particular, should be selected out from all the rest of the passengers, and, particularly, when no one had entered a complaint. I demanded his authority. A placard was instantly torn down from a conspicuous position it occupied near the door of the car, which gave the conductor, by a rule of the Directors, the right to seat passengers where it might please him: and all who purchased tickets must be subject to this rule. I remarked, that that rule gave him no authority to order Mr. Douglas out of the car. At this the conductor's ire was fiercely kindled, and his little fist flourished about my head quite gracefully. I was ordered to leave my seat, that he might meet with less obstruction in "snaking" my friend out of the cars. This I refused to do, and coolly remarked, "I you haul him out, it will be over my person, as I do not intend to leave this seat.—That the rule, as he interpreted it, was a violation of the State Constitution, and that if Mr. Douglas had violated a constitutional rule of the company, it could be nothing more than trespass, and they had the law of the Commonwealth to appeal to; and that to lay violent hands upon him could be nothing more or less than lynch law." The recent decision of *Justice* (!) *Crapo*, of New Bedford, in the case of David Ruggles, was appealed to as good authority. The conductor left the cars, and returned in a few moments, followed by four or five of the company's minions, with a fiendish smile and a careless indifference expressed in their countenances, appearing like so many blood hounds, waiting for the orders of their master, to seize him, which were no sooner given than they all laid hold of him, like so many hyenas, and snakes him out, over me, in a tangent, and thrust him into the "negro car," with a "Go there, that's good enough for you, D—n you!"—according to the testimony of Richard Hood, who stood by at the time. Our friend, George Foster, of Andover, to bear his testimony against this proscription against colored people, entered the "negro car," but was ordered out, as he "was not black enough to ride there." I was considerably injured in the affray, and Douglas suffered some injury in his clothes. After the train got under way, the conductor returned, greatly incensed against me, and made use of the most insulting language.

One of the conductors entered the "negro car," and to console friend Douglas, remarked that ☞ "this rule of the Directors can't be so bad, for the *churches*, you know, have their negro pews." ☜ What a commentary upon our Christianity!

On Tuesday morning, the 28th ultimo, I purchased at the Boston depot, a ticket for Newburyport.—When we arrived at Lynn, I descended from the cars, according to previous arrangements, to see a lady on board, who was anxious to attend the county meeting at Newburyport. My female friend entered the car, followed by Douglas, and our friend J. N. Buffum, who brought up the rear. Douglas and myself occupied one seat—the lady sat in front of us, and Buffum sat behind. We had scarcely exchanged salutatious before our old friend, the conductor, made his appearance, greatly enraged. He is a small, spare, and feeble-looking man, with nothing malicious in his countenance. Nature had not qualified him with strength, force, and resistance, sufficient to enable him to perform, with pleasure, the mean business in which he was then engaged. He was pale as death. His lips quivered—his whole frame shook, and his knees, like those of Belshazzar, smote together. From my heart I pitied him. He forced up his courage sufficiently to collar Douglas, and ordered him out. "Can't I ride with him, if he goes into the forward car?" said Buffum. "I want to have some conversation with him, and I fear I shall not have another opportunity so favorable."

"No;" quoth the little man in gray. "I'd as soon haul you out of his car, as I'd haul him from this."

"There are but very few in this car," said Douglas, very modestly; "and why, since no objection has been made, do you order me out?"

"I've no objection to ride with him—let's take a vote on the question," said one. "That's just what I want—let us have a vote on the question," replied Buffum. "I've no objection to that step," cried a third. Not the least heed, however, was given to this. Duty had to be performed to the satisfaction of the pseudo Quaker and superintendent of the corporation, Stephen A. Chase.

I inquired for his authority for ejecting him, but to no purpose. "If you will give me any good reason why I should leave this car, I'll go willingly; but, without such reason, I do not feel at liberty to leave," said Douglas; "though," he continued, "you can do with me as you please, I shall not resist."—"You have asked that question before," quoth the trembling conductor. "I mean to continue asking the question over and over again," said my colored friend, "as long as you continue to assault me in this manner." "Give him the reason," cried one voice after another, in tones too positive to be misunderstood. The conductor found himself in quite an embarrassed situation. He felt it would not do to force him out without a reason, and yet the reason amounted to no reason at all. He finally made up his mind to say, in a half-suppressed, half-audible voice, "Because you are black." The giving utterance to this thought oppressed him. It stuck in his throat, like Macbeth's *Amen*. He could not speak out boldly, *because you are black*.

By this time there was quite a gathering around the cars. The little pale man again collared Douglas, but, finding him inflexible in his determination to remain, relinquished his grasp, and began to make preparation for snaking him out. The lady who sat in front of us, was in his way. "Leave this seat, Miss—it's no place for you—go forward into the ladies' car." She hesitated, and gave him a look which expressed in no ambiguous language, "Please let me alone, sir, and go about your own business." This greatly excited our host, who seized hold of her arm, and very unceremoniously led her to the other end of the car, and called some eight or ten of the company's minions to his aid. "Snake out the d——d nigger," cries one. "Out with him," responded another guardian of the *peculiar institutions* of the South. The gang of men stood in a leaping posture, with hands extended, and fingers half bent, ready for the going forth of the command of the captain to seize him. The word was given—"Take him out!" Five or six, like so many tigers, laid hold of Douglas, but he happened to be exceedingly heavy, as the laws of gravity were in full force. His attachment to his seat was so great, that these half a dozen bullies found it no easy task to snake him out over me. "D——n that Collins," cries out one of them, "out with him, out with him." Whereupon five or six laid violent hands upon me. One gave me a severe blow upon the back part of my head, and another hit me in my face, cutting my lip considerably. Like my friend Douglas, I did not feel inclined to part with my seat, at the command of these ruffians, if I may be allowed the use of such an expression; in consequence of which, our seat gave way, and we, with five or six of these villains hold of our head, arms, and legs, were dragged out, head foremost, and deposited upon the ground in no very gentle manner. One of the gang gave me a very severe kick in my back, in consequence of which, I am lame at the present time. I was so badly bruised that my person, in various parts, is now black and blue. Buffum remained behind with Douglas, whose baggage was thrown out after him. I was allowed to pass on in the same train. Soon after the cars started, the conductor approached me, and made use of the most abusive language. I asked him if he was employed by the company to insult passengers; and, if so, I considered him the most faithful servant I ever met with; and then turned myself around, and began to read. He shook his little fist about my head a few times, and was greatly enraged because I would hold no conversation with him. I was now left to myself until we arrived at Salem.

Soon after our arrival at Salem, the little man came up in quick step, with much satisfaction expressed in his countenance, followed by a large, portly man, with a straight coat and broad brim, (who, from the appearance of his face, would be a fine subject for the celebrated John Hawkins to experiment upon,) introducing me thus—"This is that fellow." Whereupon the ruffian Quaker said, "Thou must get out of this car, thou can't travel upon this road." "Can't travel upon this road?" said I.—"You will, I presume, give me a reason." "I want no words from thee," pointing his finger at the door. "Thou quarrels so, the passengers can't ride with thee," quoth the broad-brim. "Yes," cried out a southerner, (in spirit, at least,) who had previously declared that he should like to catch the damned abolitionists at the South, and if they didn't get well used up, he was greatly mistaken. "Am't thee going out?" continued this representative of the peace principles, who was chairman of the committee which recommended that that noble and philanthropic man, Wm. Bassett, should be disowned from the Society. "If thee don't get out," he continued, "I'll call the brake-men to haul thee out;" and suiting his action to the word, departed in pursuit of his servants to do his dirty work, when another well-dressd, portly being, wearing the human form, swaggered into the car, with a "Yes, this is not the first time you have made a disturbance on this road; and now walk out, sir, and that quickly, too." I afterwards was informed that his name was Neale, the President of the corporation. I was useless for me to hold out my ticket, showing them that my fare had been paid through to Newburyport. Out I must go. Chase now entered, with his poor hired tools, ready to drag me out. Seeing that violence was about to be used, and feeling that I had borne a faithful testimony, and being not a little sore from my previous ill-treatment, I took my valise, and left the cars, and had to hire a private conveyance to Newburyport! Thus I had literally fallen among highway robbers.

On Wednesday evening, the 29th ult. I attended a large meeting in Lynn, at which strong resolutions were unanimously passed, condemning, in no measured terms, the conduct of the corporation.

Thursday morning, Sept. 30th. I proposed to my Lynn friends to go up to Boston, to get an account of these proceedings into the Liberator, and was accompanied to the depot by my particular friend Jona. Buffum. While in conversation with him, the Boston and Salem trains both stopped at the Lynn depot. It was not many minutes before I heard a shriek from a female in one of the cars, and was informed that a woman was being dragged out. I immediately went on board, and took my seat near friend Bosson, of the Yankee Farmer. The first part of this affray did not come under my observation. The first thing I observed, was three men having this woman by her head and heels, carrying her out of the cars. They laid her down upon the ground, in no very gentle manner. Mr. Bosson, and Mr. Valentine of Worcester, saw Shepherd, a great two-fisted, profane fellow, and one of the conductors, strike the woman with great force.

It appears that this unfortunate woman, was Mrs. Greene, the talented and highly respected Secretary of the Lynn Female Anti-Slavery Society. Her hair is straight and complexion light. Heretofore, she had been permitted to ride in the long cars.—This morning, she got into the cars, as usual, with her infant, only five months old. The conductor ordered her out, but she refused, not feeling at liberty to debase herself by voluntarily entering the proscribed negro car, and particularly after having paid a full price for her ticket. Five ruffians, with abundance of oaths and horrid imprecations, were ordered to carry her out. Mrs. Greene informed me that an attempt was made by one of these blood-hounds, to wrench her infant from her arms, but she held on to it, and the consequence was, the side of the babe was hurt by the grip of the conductor. Mrs. Greene's husband, learning that his wife and child were being roughly handed, and being moved with the feelings of a parent and husband, rushed to their rescue, but was repulsed from the car, and sent back with a bloody face! By this time, the mother of Mrs. Greene, learning what was going on, ran up to the aid of her daughter, and, though unable to write, left her *mark* upon the face of one of the mobocrats, which will not disappear by a month's washing.

While this affray was being settled between the conductors and the insulted and persecuted colored people, my friend Bosson, whose feelings were greatly excited on account of the injuries the company's servants were inflicting upon the innocent and defenceless colored people, ventured to open the window of the car, and remonstrated with them; whereupon one of them poured out upon him a volley of curses, which were frightful to listen to—and threatened, unless he held his tongue, to serve him worse than they had the d—d nigger!

No sooner had we left the station, than Shepherd, the conductor, entered the car in which we were seated, and, with horrid imprecations, anathematized Mr. Bosson in measured terms. He called him a d—d scoundrel and a liar; said he was the cause of all this disturbance, and flourished his great brawny fist around his face; said that he knew his name was Collins, and he'd be d—d if he should ride on that road. He'd "not have such a cursed skunk on board," or something to that effect;—that he (Collins) would have to leave the cars when the train arrived at the other depot. To save Mr. Bosson from the contents of the conductor's foul mouth, I informed him that my name was Collins; whereupon the anathemas of his delicate tongue were showered in great wrath upon my poor devoted head. His rage increased when he found that would hold no conversation with him. He appeared to feel that I was an outlaw, a foot-ball for any official dignitary to kick, *ad libitum*.

When we arrived at the depot of the Lynn hotel, I was ordered out, in a style not at all courteous or ceremonious. I asked the cause. "Not a word, God d—n you—not a word—I'll let you know that I'm captain of this ship. Ain't you going? If not, I'll haul you out. D—n you, I'll see if you don't go." Whereupon he retired, and in about a minute, returned with five or six salaried tools, who were about to lay violent hands upon me, when one of them exclaimed, "this ain't him." "Then let him alone," replied this conductor; and then, turning to me, said, "God d—n you, if you are not him, you may ride." When he went round the cars to gather up the tickets, not having procured one, I offered him a dollar bill. He turned his head from me, very cavalierly, and held out his hand, saying, "D—n it, give me the change." I replied that I had no change. "God d—n you, give me the change." At this, I was about to pocket my purse, when he turned round upon me with a "D—n you, do you suppose I'm going to carry you to Boston for nothing?" "Yes," I remarked, "unless you change the bill." "Well, then, give me the bill." I took my change, turned myself around, and was compelled to listen to his foul-mouth abuse poured out upon Mr. Bosson till we arrived at East Boston, when we were released.

Having an appointment to address a meeting at Lynn, the same evening, I embarked at 6 o'clock for that place. As I was entering one of the long cars, I saw an individual apparently in a great rage, followed by a large number of savage-looking fellows, advancing towards the middle of the car, who exclaimed, "Take out that d—d nigger—out with him." "I'm willing to have him remain," said one. "So am I," said another. "There is no objection to his riding here," said a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and so on. But it was all to no purpose.—The petty tyrant had willed it, and it must be done as he had commanded; and the poor colored man disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. The conductor immediately reappeared with his herd, with wrath burning in his face, and oaths and blasphemies rolling from his mouth. "D—n you," said he to some one who had remonstrated with him, "I can haul out any two of you. I'll let you know, God d—n you, that I'm not to be played with. I've plenty of servants at my command; and if you say a word, I'll serve you worse than I did the nigger." "I'll express my opinion freely," said one; "and I consider this a brutal act." "I consider this barbarous," said another. "I should like to have you attempt to haul me out," said a third. "So should I," said a fourth. "God d—n you, out with them," said this bully; and a scuffle ensued, and I can't say who, or how many of them, (but three or four, at least,) were either hauled, thrust, or pulled out, sans ceremonie, and were forbidden to enter the cars again. Report says they had all paid their passage.

I have been thus particular in giving the narrative of this memorable transaction, that the public may see the extent of the spirit of mobocracy, fostered and sustained by a corporation which has received special privileges from the State, to promote the public good; and that the good people may see how closely our liberties are bound up with those of the colored people.

From all appearances, it is evident that there is a hired gang about the Company's depot, to carry into effect its rules, let the consequences be what they may.

Three large public meetings have been held by the citizens of Lynn, embracing all classes, from the most enthusiastic abolitionists to their most bitter opponents. At one of these meetings, a committee of four was unanimously appointed to visit the selectmen, to complain against the mobocratic proceedings of the Railroad Company, and to urge upon them the importance of stationing the police about the depots to preserve the peace, which was attended to. Another committee was appointed to make a report to the public with respect to the flagrant outrages committed upon the citizens of this Commonwealth by this corporation. An interesting document may be expected from this committee. The first two nights, they were unanimous in passing strong and spicy resolutions against the Railroad Corporation. At the third meeting, Gould Brown—a stockholder and fellow-committee-man with Stephen A. Chase to disown Wm. Bassett—made his appearance, and took up for the corporation. He declared that it derived authority from its charter to make any rule it should see fit, even to declaring that no man should ride in their cars who had more than one leg; and that, if found in the cars, the conductor would have a right to expel him, or saw off one of his legs. Mr. Brown, after his usual style, bored the audience with an extremely long speech, with frequent attempts at wit, rhetoric and logic; with how much success, you can judge for yourself. All things went on harmoniously till about half-past 9 o'clock, when a vote was taken to re-affirm the resolutions of the preceding evening, and which were carried, only a few hands making their appearance against them in the vote. This greatly enraged the rummies, who thought Mr. Brown had not been well treated. Evidences that a mob was brewing, led our friends to adjourn the meeting, when much confusion and noise ensued.—The females were much frightened at the pugilistic manifestations of the mobocrats. The good people of Lynn affirm that most of the disturbers were imported for the occasion—with how much of truth, I am unable to say. The mob dispersed soon after the meeting was dissolved.

It was amusing to watch the movements of Chase the Superintendent, to brow-beat the Lynn people into terms. In consequence of the depot being located in the lower part of the town, it is becoming much more populous and prosperous than the other. Consequently, the depot is greatly valued by the good people in that part of the town. Accordingly, on Thursday, the depot was closed, and non-intercourse declared! But, instead of working in the Company's favor, it turned scores against it. Men came to take passage in the cars for Salem or Boston, as formerly, but were disappointed. Accordingly, on Saturday morning, the depot was opened, and things now go on as formerly. This was a victory the Lynn people were not prepared to gain so soon.

I saw one of the directors, the other day, who acknowledged the rule was bad, but thought some one should prosecute the Company. So far as I am able to learn, this is the opinion of all the directors. Thus this railroad corporation is like a great bully, knocking down every one within its reach; and then, to appear magnanimous, points to the law! But I will say no more this week. I shall have more to say upon this subject hereafter.

Hastily, yours for the right,
J. A. COLLINS.

From the Madison County Abolitionist.

QUIET MEN!!

"I dislike these quiet men; they are not what they seem. When I was corporal in the 65th regiment, in "foren parts," I came across a clear, quiet pool, one day. I peered down into it, saw nothing; looked again, saw nothing; looked again; by this time my eyes became matured, and, O, Jupiter! I saw a GREAT ALLIGATOR.—I walked off; never liked since then quiet pools nor *quiet men*; they are not what they seem."—*Corporal Bunting.*

We agree with the Corporal as to *quiet men*. It may be that quiet *pools* are not what they seem, that they are dangerous, that at the bottom wades the alligator and the crocodile; but after all they are not as dangerous as "quiet men." Of all animals man should be a mover, a go-about animal; one who feels that he has something to move for, and who is willing to move for it. With interests of magnitude about his every crook in life, demanding at his hand close attention and assiduity, he cannot feel that the end of his being is answered by any system of quietism he can invent. All nature cries out for his help, and he has no business to be *quiet*. Demosthenes, when asked what constituted the "three graces of the orator," replied "Action, action, action!" and his answer is full of common sense. Oratory is not the creature of art, Cicero notwithstanding; for he is a poor orator who does not inspire his hearers with his own feeling, who does not throw his soul into theirs, a sort of transmigration—and this is not to be done unless he is in the spirit himself. He must feel, and then exhibit that feeling correspondingly. In other words he must be an AGITATOR. To excite others, *he* must be excited; this excitement must be proportionate to the nature of the movement to which he wishes to give an *impetus*. In this respect every man ought to be an orator; every man eloquent, every man an AGITATOR. Pretty turned periods, high flown language, poetry, rhetoric—all these may tickle the ear and fall upon it like echoes upon the bosom of a summer evening, sweet and beautiful; but to move the soul, to waken and rouse up the spirit, to get the whole man under motion, a momentum must be generated, which nothing can create but truth, earnestly and honestly expressed.—Honesty and earnestness are the two great essentials in every eloquent man, for he alone is eloquent who convinces; and he who possesses these, rarely fails.

Now, how much more is needed of a MAN. All this is grand and just in conception, noble and deep-toned in feeling, and untiring in action, may justly be expected of a *man*. He may fail in some of the qualities of the orator, but in manhood he should *never* lack. From the deep well-springs of his soul, should gush forth such a fountain of love, as should bear all before it. As an orator, in the estimation of the critic, he might fail; as a man, he need never.—There is no abolitionist need halt or waver. The world is before him, and by God's blessing, he and his associates can conquer it. But they must be men of great faith and corresponding action. Great results are caused by a combination of small efforts, much oftener than by some one magnificent stroke. Seldom do men find themselves in such a relative position to this world, that one heave upon their lever can turn it over; and therefore it is by patient, untiring activity, that anything great and commanding has ever been wrought out in the reformation of the race. "A *continual* dropping wears away the stone;" but if it is a *dropping*, it must be *continual*. Every man is not fitted for the same position, yet there are things which all hold in common, and all are equally bound to exhibit. Each man can talk. Do not say he cannot. Put *his child* in chains, he will find CASH. Each man can produce an excitement. Do you doubt it? Put his wife in chains, and see. Now, what a man *can* do, he is bound to do, unless it involves a violation of moral principle. What right has a man to transfer his responsibilities from his shoulders to mine? My shoulders are only broad enough for my own duties, for my duties increase with my ability. How little-souled it is, then, in any man, much more so in an abolitionist, to stand still and see others work themselves to death, while he, at most, carps and finds fault.—What is the history of the last ten years, but a history of dronishness and fault-finding on the part of the people; while the abolitionists have been compelled to defend their rights meanwhile. The harder we have been abused, the more diligently we have worked, till of late there has a change come over us; and now it seems to be the delight of some abolitionists to see others work, while they spend their strength in buzzing. There is nothing like the universal activity prevailing among us, that there was in former years. The cause progresses; no thanks to the abolitionists, en masse. The cause advances because there is effort, but it is concentrated in a much less number of persons than formerly.

Now, we are well satisfied that the abolitionists may as well give up the strife, unless they "go forward." If they are to be scared, coaxed, wheedled, and flattered out of all energy, so be it. We will commence the reform anew. If they think that collaterals are of more importance than fundamentals; a Bank of more worth than a human soul; a connection with a sectarian church better than clean hands and communion with Christ Jesus, so be it. They are not the men the *cause* needs. God must look elsewhere; raise up children to Freedom from the *stones of the street*. But if they are *reformers*, what "they seem to be," living, running rivers, on whose broad bosoms, Happiness, Freedom and Religion can be borne to the ignorant and lonely, instead of lead pools, where nothing can live but ugly, mishapen devourers; let the world know it. Be up and doing!

J. C. JACKSON.

From the Liberator.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

At the Marlboro' Chapel, Boston, Sept. 23, 1841.

It is highly satisfactory to me, my friends, to meet you. I rejoice to see so many fellow-beings, without the usual distinctions which prevail in professing Christendom. I believe that when they are so brought together, they may hear, every man in his own tongue, the truths that may be spoken; inasmuch as all truth is from "the sempiternal source of light divine." There is no change in its principles. They are, and they have been, and will be, from everlasting to everlasting, in their origin, divine—in their nature, eternal.

All who are believers in the truth of God, and in the righteousness of God, must come to understand that this alone can set us free. But have we fully understood and comprehended, how it is that only the truth can make free indeed? In order to do so, educational prejudices and sectarian predilections should be laid aside; though to convince men of the necessity of doing so, might require as notable a miracle as it did to convince men in a former age, that in all nations, those who "fear God, and work righteousness, are accepted of him."

But what is it to fear God? and what is it to work righteousness? It is as necessary now, as when the great apostle uttered it, to say to men, "Let no man deceive you. He that doeth righteousness, is righteous." But what is the situation of most sects? What is their standard of righteousness? What evidence do they require of the fear of God? Is it not the acknowledgment of some scheme of salvation, or some plan of redemption, as insisted on in theological systems, and taught in theological schools? Is it not a confesssion of some creed, or a joining of some denomination? And have not many thus blended the fear of God and the working of righteousness with the outward and ceremonial rites, till the result has been a lowering of the standard of peace and righteouness and of common honesty?

It becomes us to inquire, whether the plain precepts and principles, which find a response in the soul of every human being, and are confirmed by the inner sense, which all possess, and which have not their origin in any sect, or body, or division, have not thereby been thought of less importance than forms and ordinances. If this is so, and if all see it in our various denominations, may we not all profitably come together in the acknowledgment of principles and practices not dependant upon the reception of any abstract doctrine, or form of worship? We may all feel here, in thus considering the principles and working of righteousness—the willing and the doing good—not as strangers, but as much at home as in the town in which we were born: for these principles are common to all, and are understood by all. This is not presented by me as a Quaker tenet. I desire not to stand before you as a sectarian, but to hold up principles of universal obligation.

I have seen that there is an objection, which seems reasonable to many minds, against woman's stepping forth to advocate what is right. Let me endeavor to remove these prejudices and these objections; for I have often been made sensible to feel how hard it is to "do the work of the Lord, where there is unbelief."

I know that many claim high apostolic authority against this action of women. I am aware that the apostle Paul recommended to the women of Corinth, when they wanted information, to "ask their husbands at home." I am not disposed to deny, that, under the circumstances of the case, he did it wisely. But do we find him saying, that they were not to preach or prophesy? So far from it, that he has expressly given them directions how to preach and prophesy. And what this preaching and prophesying were, is defined by the same apostle as "speaking unto *men* to edification, and exhortation, and comfort." Any one will, I think, see, that to make a standing rule of the apostle's directions to the ignorant Corinthian women, is to make him inconsistent with himself, not only to those same Corinthian women, but in his declaration to the Galatians, that, to as many of them as had put on Christ, there was neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female; and also in his expressions of gratitude to the women helpers in the gospel.

Again, we find in the records of the evangelist, the fact that four daughters of one man became public advocates of the truth, and "honorable women not a few" are also stated to have done the same thing. We read, also, of the woman of Samaria going to the men of the city; and of Huldah, the prophetess. In the history of earlier times, we read that the villages were in ruins through the land of the Hebrews, and the highways unoccupied, till "Deborah arose—till she arose, a mother in Israel."

This evening's opportunity would be far too short to present the Bible argument, and I therefore refer you to this volume itself, as its paramount authority is so generally acknowledged among you, to see whether there is not far more plentiful testimony to the rightfulness of woman's directly laboring for the gospel, than you had supposed from perusing it without reference to this question.

Was it not one of the first acts of the apostles, to announce, in the words of the prophet Joel, that the spirit of the Lord was poured out upon *all flesh*;—and was not this quoted to convince the people, that the prophesying and preaching of both sexes was in fulfilment of ancient prophecy? In the phrase in which "Phebe, the servant of the church," is mentioned; those who are familiar with the original have found, that the same word, which is, in her case, translated *servant*, is, in the case of men, translated *minister*. And has not conscious evidence been afforded by this translation, of the priest-craft and monopoly of the pulpit, which have so long held women bound? I ask the sticklers for Bible authority, where they find the silence of women enjoined as a standing obligation. I find no such passage. These objectors are bound to show that these injunctions which they quote in favor of the silence of woman, command an obligation, binding on the Church in all ages. But we find them assuming the right to choose what they will consider such. When the apostle recommends that widows shall not marry, they do not agree with him, and therefore they explain it as applicable only to those times of trouble and persecution; and do not consider it as a standing rule.

I long for the time when my sisters will rise, and occupy the sphere to which they are called by their high nature and destiny. What a change would then appear in the character of woman! We should no longer find her the mere plaything of man, and a frivolous appendage of society. We should not find her so easily satisfied with a *little* domestic duty—with embroidering the light device on muslin and lace, or with reading the sentimental novel. When I look at the "Ladies' Department" in our newspapers and magazines, I blush for my sex, and for the low sphere of action they are content with. I believe that if woman would but look seriously at herself, she would learn how great an evil her nature suffers in being prevented from the exercise of her highest faculties. What a different race would be brought forth—what a different and nobler generation should we behold in the next, from that which preceded it, if the high duties of women, were all fulfilled! I believe the tendency of truth, on this subject, is to equalize the sexes; and that, when truth directs us, there will be no longer assumed authority on one side, or admitted inferiority on the other; but that as we advance in the cultivation of all powers, physical as well as intellectual and moral, we shall see that our independence is equal, our dependence mutual, and our obligations reciprocal.

It is this perception, my friends, that I long for. I feel bound when in company with my sisters who have thought it improper or sinful to exercise their highest powers of mind on the most important subjects, to beseech them to think so no longer, and to come forth into that noble and becoming freedom which they, in common with men, have received:—so useful will they then be in their own day, and so happy will be their influence upon generations yet to come.

I am aware that the imaginations of many have become so depraved, and their minds so enervated, by appeals to the passions and the imagination, from the inferior literature of the novelist, that it needs not only strong effort to arouse them from the lethargy in which they live, to true and noble activity; but a tender care is needed to preserve them from the evils consequent upon their long inactivity. I am willing to incur ridicule—to become a spectacle to angels and to men—if I thereby awaken any to a sense of what the times demand of them. This is a day that requires the active co-operation of spiritually-minded men and women. This is a day of overturning and of change. Many are asking, "Who will show us any good?" Theories and abstractions will not satisfy them—outward observances will not be sufficient. The multitude who are seeking, cannot attain what they desire, but through the knowledge of themselves. I would speak to you in the spirit of the gospel of the blessed God, of that unerring guide which shall direct you. I shall use, in characterising it, the language of a writer of your own—"All mysteries of science and theology fade away before the simple impressions of duty on the mind of a little child."

I come not here to controvert the creeds or confessions of any—I am no polemic—I know very little of metaphysical theology—I love not controversy—I have no scientific theory. But I appeal to you all, if there is not this intimate knowledge of right and wrong in each of your breasts; and I appeal to the Scriptures, whether in them there is not a wide difference made between doing good, and a performance of outward rites. We find that these were never made substitutes for righteousness.—They were, when performed by the oppressor and the unjust man, an abomination to God. He is in such cases "weary to bear them;" and whatever may have been the exactness with which these things were performed, he condemned the performer, "because," he says, "you grind the faces of the poor." And again: "Woe unto him who buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; who taketh his neighbor's service without wages, and who giveth him not for his work."

We have each our different theories with regard to creeds and forms; but let us not put them on a level with what is of so much greater moment.—While we tolerate, (if that can ever be a proper word to use in such a connection,) while we acknowledge the right of opinion, as regards the various creeds and forms, let us not place these above the pure and practical fruits of righteousness.

Is not this the reason why these fruits are so few in the world? Look at the low state of public morals; look at the prevalence and the general justification of war, and slavery, and oppression; look at all the vices of society, and see how the greatest abundance of creeds, and the utmost exactitude in forms, co-exist with them all; and judge ye, whether these are not held up, rather than doing justice and loving mercy.

What a field of labor does society now present!—I rejoice to see the field white to the harvest. I rejoice in a belief that the members of society are beginning to take a practical view of its wants; and have, in some instances at least, found that they cannot be satisfied with a mere outward routine, but that something more efficacious is demanded by the present age. These are gathering themselves together in the support of what is right; and let us bid them God-speed. Who can look at the crimes and sufferings of men, and not labor for reformation? Let us put our own souls in their soul's stead, who are in slavery, and let us labor for their liberation as bound with them. Let us look at the souls who are led away into helpless captivity, deprived of every right, and sundered from every happy association—the parents separated from their children, and all the relations of life outraged; and then let us obey the dictates of sympathy.

I cannot but rejoice in the efforts that are making to arrest the progress of war. The offering of a prize for the best essay on the best mode of settling international disputes, and the thousands of persons who thronged to hear the addresses of Geo. Harris, at Birmingham, on capital punishment, affording a cheering indication of an inquiring state of the public mind in England. As inquiry proceeds, men will discover the principle of forgiveness, and will feel the power of the spirit of love. They will then become more consistent with the Christianity they profess, and will find that they must no longer indulge the spirit of retaliation. In the course of our progress in the application of these principles, we shall have to put this sentiment in practice.—We shall then understand the true spirit of forgiveness, and conform our lives to its requisitions. How is it that professors of the Christian name can forget the precepts of the blessed Jesus—"Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." Did not the apostle acknowledge the truth of this principle of forgiveness, when he said, "Being defamed, we entreat; being reviled, we bless?"

The time will not permit me to enlarge, or I would turn your attention to further applications of gospel principles, and remind you, as we examined them together, that "he that doeth righteous, is righteous," of whatever sect or clime.

I am aware that, in this city, the appeal has often been made to you in behalf of the suffering slave.—I am sensible that most able appeals have been frequent here; but the time has come for you, not merely to listen to them, but to seek for the means of aiding in the working of this righteousness. Whether you should act in organized societies, or as individuals, it is not for me to decide for any; but we all have a part of the work to perform, for we are all implicated in the transgression. Let us examine our own clothing—the furniture of our houses—the conducting of trade—the affairs of commerce—and then ask ourselves, whether we have not each, as individuals, a duty which, in some way or other, we are bound to perform.

When I look only over professing Christendom, my soul mourns over the doom to perpetual and unrequited toil, the entire deprivation of rights, the outrage of human affections, and the absence of all that makes life desirable, which all unite to weigh down the lives of so many millions, while so few are ready to raise the cry of justice and mercy on their behalf. Are there not men and women here, whom these things shall yet constrain to exertion, that they may be remedied? In how many ways may you not exercise your various powers for the alleviation of the miseries of those whose sufferings we have contemplated? You have pens and voices to commend their cause to others, and to portray their miseries so as to gain sympathy. To how many towns you might go, and awaken their inhabitants to the relief of these sufferings!

We are too apt to be discouraged, and to be impressed with a sense of the difficulty of the work of reform: but when we examine into the progress it makes, and behold the effects of Temperance, and Peace, and Anti-Slavery, we may be greatly encouraged, and bid each other God-speed, in full confidence that, in due time, we shall reap, if we faint not. We have sure evidence, from the success of past efforts, that the same will be the effect in future. Hard as was the labor at first, there is now far less difficulties. Many hearts are now touched, and only need the word of encouragement to come forth in aid of those who so long struggled with so many disadvantages, under a load of odium and opposition, to commence the work now so happily advancing.—Let me encourage the awakening soul to enter into the work. When the question arises as to the manner of doing so, I can only say that what we sincerely desire to do, we seldom lack means to accomplish. I know there is in the community a growing dislike to organizations; but those who adopt this view must remember, that it will not do for them to do nothing. "Herein is my Heavenly Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

It is too generally understood by men, that their labors must be connected with missionary and church efforts, under submission to church-tests, and church-forms: but it is time we made a proper distinction between those who merely cry, "Lord, Lord," and do not his righteous will, and those who are bent on faithful obedience. I am aware that in this day of judging by verbal and ceremonial standards, that such as have not submitted to the forms and rituals of any church are obliged to suffer on that account in the opinion of their fellow-men. But those feel that they are accountable to higher power, and that "it is a small matter to be judged of any man's judgment." They look for guidance to their inner sense of right and wrong; and this is coming more and more to be acknowledged as the voice of God, and his most intimate presence in the soul. Let me urge all, then, to be faithful to these manifestations of His will. It will then bring upon them the reproach of high professors. But if they are faithful, they will be instant at all times in raising high the standard of righteous action, and they will, by their practice, do more to recommend the faith of God, than those who are denouncing them. Those who have regarded those good works more than plain dress, or formal speech, or observance of times, or stated reasons of vocal prayer, will be ready to proclaim that the gospel is not in these outward things, while some, who make high professions, are ignorant both of the scripture and of the power of the gospel. Let us be faithful to the word lying in the heart, and there is no need to doubt but we shall be brought to love every good word and work, to promote the progress of righteousness, temperance, and peace, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

How often have I mourned, that so many in the cities depart from the plain path of integrity! How much selfishness and deception is there in trade! "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way, then he boasteth."—How many look not on the things of Jesus Christ! But, do we not see that the principles of our holy religion would reform commerce and trade, and lead every man to do justly? Surely the cry of the oppressed is entering into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Many who look at other lands, and witness the sufferings of their people, and see how the poor are crushed by oppression and taxation, to maintain the existence and the prerogatives of an aristocracy, turn with delight to the hope of reform co-extensive with the earth. They realize that true republicanism is true Christian democracy. But it is because they see not how reform is to be obtained, that they are slow of heart to believe in its possibility. Let them not participate in the wrong they acknowledge. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." If we applied the precepts of Jesus to the direction of our lives, how many that are now rich would become poor! I believe that the principles of righteousness can be carried out through the land, and that we show our reverence for God by the respect we pay His children. We do not sufficiently exercise our high moral nature. We resist the benevolent principles and feelings that would lead us forth into lanes and by-ways, that we might comfort and save the outcast and afflicted. We forget that this is true religion and undefiled, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. We may, after the manner that some call heresy, worship the God of our fathers; but if we wish to serve Him in the way prescribed by his dear Son, we shall

Christian church, that had been loudest in denouncing slavery, wholly silenced by southern influence; when I saw the leaders of two great political parties, embracing almost all our citizens, seeking which could make the greatest sacrifice to the South, in order to secure southern support for their party; when I found the South denouncing even our courts of justice for their independent course; and when political and ecclesiastical party policy had destroyed all neutral ground; and while those controlling the political and religious press gave countenance to the most unfounded slanders against abolitionists, so as to render it odious, and then require of every one the most implicit obedience to whatever principle or practice their party avowed, on pain, in case of refusal, of being denounced and hunted down as an abolitionist; and when I saw mobs got up for the avowed purpose of hunting down abolitionists, and those mobs countenanced by men of respectability in society, and in some cases headed by those who, after being convicted of the offence, were received in decent company, and when I saw many other things calculated to rouse the most stoical who had the least particle of patriotism, I felt bound to declare my sentiments against aggression that, unless checked, will destroy every vestage of civil and religious liberty.

I am in principle just such an abolitionist as I believe a large majority of my fellow citizens who reside in the free States are, not so much anti-slavery as some are who, for self purposes denounce abolition. I would not interfere in any way with the rights of the master over his slave, as secured to him by the laws and Constitution. I disclaim all power or right in the free States or in Congress to interfere in the laws of the slave States. I would, under no circumstance, either directly or indirectly aid a slave in escaping from his master, nor would I allow any obstacle to the rightful reclamation of absconding slaves; and these I understand to be the opinions of a great majority of those who are called abolitionists.

While such are my principles, and such would be my course, I am opposed to slavery in every form, and would resist to the extent of my ability every effort to gain for it merely a temporary foot-hold in our noble State of freemen. I insist on the absolute and unconditional right of every person and press to discuss this as well as every other subject, and would go as far to protect an abolition press as any other from violence. Thus far as to what I would or would not do. A few words will tell what I have done.

I belong to no anti-slavery or anti-abolition society; yet I have attended several anti-slavery meetings—I think four; and as I then declared, presented myself to protect and countenance, so far as I could, the liberty of speech; and as this is the only party that I think tolerates such freedom, I must act here or not at all. If they were popular as a party, I should feel justified in retiring; but I will not sit quietly by and see our great principles of liberty violated, when I know that this question once fairly put down, the same means will be used to deprive us of other liberties.

This notice of myself would hardly appear proper but for the fact that it is believed to define the position of nine-tenths of those called abolitionists.—Now, sir, the press has long enough truckled to party. If you would restore order and vindicate the character of your city, meet the question fairly.—We have enough of senseless cry against a name; tell us what is meant by abolitionism—define it, sir, define it, and let us know who your Court House Committee denounce under the general name of abolitionists; state what is true, that abolitionists are of all others the least to blame for riotous conduct, that they appeal only to the law, and are, as a body, examples of quiet, law-obeying citizens, too far superior to those who denounce them to admit a comparison: and call on the people to defend the liberties of discussion, the press, and petition.

This will do great service, and your city will never again be insulted by an offer of military aid from a sister State, to put down a class of people to whose philanthropy and patriotism we are indebted for much that adds to the real glory of your city and the happiness of her people.

In conclusion, let me say, that I want none of the false sympathy of professed friends. My position is taken by choice—I would not change it; and ere long it must be the avowed position of every free man.

SAMUEL LEWIS.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

THIRD PARTY ABOLITIONISM.

The Boston Free American, of Oct. 7th, referring to its former article and our notice of it, says—"We think we could show, by a sufficient induction of facts, that no party has ever yet been bound together by a creed of principles, or a system of measures, but by some one principle in regard to some one or two leading measures. To every reform party, at any rate, there is some one distinct and loud battle-cry, which drowns all other noises and voices for the time."

We could hardly dissent from what is said above; yet when we go further, and undertake to define the principles which have governed parties, and to make a practical application of our conclusions to the question of an independent abolition party, we should probably differ materially from the editor of the Free American. Perhaps, however, we might not do so. We will therefore state our views, and ask for his in return.

We are of opinion that parties are not very fluctuating in their nature, but that they are always substantially the same as to the great principle upon which they are built. We should conjecture that the editor of the Free American supposed that in one year they were built on a controversy about one principle, and in another upon a controversy about another principle; and that when there is "a distinct and loud battle-cry which drowns all other voices for the time," he supposes that the question palpably involved in that battle-cry, is the foundation of the distinction of the people into parties.—We think, on the contrary, that the view taken of such seeming prominent question, is secondary, and that men in general divide themselves, in relation to it, according to the bearing which it has, or which they think it has, upon the great question which has divided them into parties for ages.

The real foundation of parties is almost always this: One is more favorable to freedom of action and equality of rights and privileges, than the other; and the efficient force of each party consists of those who range themselves with the one or the other, in consequence of their several views upon this unchangeable question. There are doubtless many individuals who do not see this foundation, and who range themselves according to the bias of education or association, or the mere view they take of some temporary question, without tracing it back to its bearing on the great question of freedom or subjection—of equality or inequality of rights.

As man is an inconsistent being, it may happen that the party generally favorable to liberty, will, under peculiar inducements and prejudices, be guilty of great tyranny in relation to a particular question, and that on such particular question the party least favorable to liberty and to equality of rights, may be the most just, and the most liberal. Upon that one question, the parties may possibly change places—each one occupying the ground which is most consistent with the general principles of its opponents. This transposition, however, if it occurs, is not likely to last long. Hence, we should never judge of parties by a single measure, but by the general bearings of all their measures upon the great question to which we have adverted.

The editor of the Free American expresses surprise at our assertion that the Thiry Party has abandoned the ground which it took last year, or, in his own words, "has retreated from certain principles which it once avowed."

We will state wherein it has failed to avow the principles, this year, which it recognized last year. It then adopted resolutions, which we have not now before us, but which we recollect to have been substantially in favor of equal political rights for all men, without distinction of wealth, birth-place, descent, learning, or complexion, and opposed to partial and exclusive privileges for the transaction of trade or business.

These resolutions were not renewed this year.—We are convinced that the omission was intentional on the part of those who framed the resolutions, and that those who influence the party would, in most places, be unwilling to adopt such resolutions, either from opposition to them in their own minds, or for fear they would offend others.

It is true, the address of the convention held at New-York in May last, says that the men elected by the abolitionists will not support "*unjust* monopolies;" but as it makes no explanation as to what monopolies are deemed unjust, the declaration amounts, practically, to nothing at all.

We have noticed that in almost every place where Third Party tickets have been run this year, some ground has been taken by their friends, in addition to that of mere abolition; but in no instance, we believe, has the ticket been recommended on the ground that it was favorable to the principles above mentioned. In short, the only principles which, besides being congenial to abolition, would have the advantage of striking a cord that would vibrate in the breasts of a vast majority from Georgia to Maine, are the only ones which have been carefully eschewed from connection with the Third Party.

In the State of Pennsylvania, this year, after much opposition, resolutions embracing these principles were adopted, but they were afterwards rescinded on the ground that the National Convention had not adopted them, and also, probably, in consideration that Dr. Lemoyne had avowed his unwillingness to be identified with the support of such principles.

The editor speaks of some prominent battle-cry belonging to every reform party. We will inform him that, in our opinion, the prominent cry of this kind with the successful party during the ensuing few years, will be opposition to partial legislation—to unequal laws and unequal privileges—a principle which, when carried out, embraces abolitionism; but an abolition party which adopts that principle only as a reference to one single application of it, instead of in its broad extent, cannot succeed as a separate party. It can only prevail by a union with one of the other parties.

AGRICULTURE IN LIBERIA.

For the tenth time, the announcements of the Colonization Society, that the Colonists were *now going* to devote themselves to agriculture, have proved false, and the miserable settlement still fails to raise its own bread.—The African Luminary has the following melancholy announcement:—

FAILURE OF CROPS.—From some cause, we scarcely know what, there is at present a general scarcity of the usual market products. Stock, poultry, potatoes, cassavi and all, seemed to have failed. There is usually a falling off at the end of the dry season; but this year the decrease is beyond anything which we have known since 1827. The rainy season is now more than one-third advanced, and still the market is empty. Potatoes and cassavi, (the staff of life here) can be procured only in small quantities; rice there is none in the colony, and those who cannot purchase foreign provisions, are obliged to do the best they can, and "live horse," &c. We suspect that agriculture has been considerably neglected for a year past. There is no other plausible reason for the present lack, because the seasons have been as heretofore, if not even more favorable.

No fault of the seasons, but nothing to eat. Horrid! And yet the reckless men who manage affairs are continually sending out more people to *starve!* This same paper announces the arrival of the Union, from New Orleans, with 40 emigrants. Who shall answer for the lives?

MISSIONS.—Liberia is, perhaps, better supplied with the gospel, than many places in Christendom. Including Cape Palmas, Liberia has a population of 2,500 colonists, all told. The towns and settlements of Liberia, are Millsburgh, Caldwell, New Georgia, Monrovia, Marshall, Edina, Bassa Cove, Bexley and Sinoe; the whole having about 2000 colonist inhabitants; and the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas, with 500 settlers.

At and in the vicinity of these towns, the various Christian denominations spend annually not less than *sixty thousand dollars* in missionary operations; supporting 20 or more *foreign* missionaries, and a great number of colonists as preachers, teachers, and assistants. The education of youth, is principally, if not wholly in the hands of the missionary societies, as also the supplying the destitute and needy.

From the Philanthropist.

THE BIBLE.

We call the attention of the religious world especially to the following article. While the reader examines it, let him ask himself, what punishment do those Divines merit, who quote the Bible in defence of a system which denies the Bible to those who need it most? It will be seen that a Bible distributor came very near being sent to the penitentiary *for asking certain slaves whether they would take a Bible!*

There is a statute, it will be recollected, in many of the slaves States, punishing the circulator of Incendiary documents with ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary! The accused escaped, only because the evidence was palpable that he had no evil intent—but the Recorder took care to admonish him that he must beware of infringing "*other rights*" (the rights of slaveholders) "WHICH *are as sacred to this community* AS RELIGION ITSELF!!"

But read the whole account, which we cut from the Daily Picayune (N. O.) August 12th.

CHAUNCY B. BLACK.—The charge made on Monday last against this individual by Wm. H. Avery, was yesterday investigated before Recorder Baldwin. The accused, it will be recollected, was charged with tampering with the slaves of the complainant, a course of conduct which was calculated to lead to insubordination among them.

Mr. Avery was sworn, and related the circumstances which led him to make the affidavit on which the prisoner was arrested. About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday last he was attracted by the conduct of the prisoner, who stopped and chatted familiarly with six or eight slaves in the neighborhood of his dwelling, and among others with some of his own servants. This excited his suspicion, and it was still farther increased by a remark he heard from one of his own slaves, who said, "What can that man mean (alluding to the accused) by asking if I can read or write, or if I would take a bible?" He followed after the accused, told him his conduct excited his suspicion, and asked why it was that he had been, as he saw him, tampering with his slaves and those of other citizens? The accused, first asking who he was, and what was his number, replied that he was appointed by Mr. Lowndes, who was agent for a Bible Society, already organized, or about to be organized in this city, for the distribution of the Bible. He was then engaged, he said, in taking down a list of the names of persons who stood in need of the book, and would accept it from the society. He entered indiscriminately on his list the names of white and black—slaves and free persons.

Mr. Maybin, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Gooderich, the Rev. Mr. Wheaton, and several other prominent members of the society in question, were called. From their testimony it appeared that they and many other respectable citizens, of different Protestant denominations, met in February last and formed a society for the distribution of the Bible among the more destitute members of this community. They raised a fund of about $1000, and sent on an order to New-York for a lot of Bibles equal in value to that amount, directing that some of them be printed in English, some in French, in Spanish, and some in the German language. They received them in June, and appointed agents from among their members to have them placed in proper hands; but it never for a moment entered into the minds of the society to present a single Bible to a slave.—The agents so appointed portioned out the city into several districts and their duty was to ascertain who, within the limits of their respective districts, stood in need of the Bible and would accept one, and to see that all such persons were supplied with the divine book. Each agent was at liberty to appoint an assistant, though not connected with the society. That part of Second Municipality bounded by the river and St. Charles street, Delord and Poydras streets, was made the district of Mr. Lowndes; he appointed the accused, Mr. Black, as his sub-agent, and he was discharging his duty as such when seen and interrogated by Mr. Avery.

Mr. Lowndes impressed it strongly on the mind of the Court that before any Bibles were distributed to the parties whose names might be taken by the accused, the list was to be first submitted to him, and as it was opposed to his own feelings, *and contrary to the intention of the society, he would certainly furnish no slaves with a Bible!*

The strongest and most satisfactory proof was given that the accused bore an excellent character, and that, in speaking to the slaves at all, he acted from a misconception of Mr. Lowndes instructions, and as ignorance of his duty as a sub-agent of the Bible Society.

After the testimony was heard, the counsel of the accused, Mr. Micon, said he trusted the Recorder, having heard the evidence, would see the propriety of at once discharging his client, and would not send him before the Criminal Court. It was evident he was actuated by no evil intention, and that the most of which he was guilty was indiscretion; for which he had already suffered enough by his arrest and by being brought before the public as he had been in the newspapers. He believed that the true policy for every one friendly to southern institutions to pursue, was to get up no unnecessary excitement, nor create any unnecessary alarm; but to punish at the same time promptly and severely in every instance where there was evidence of guilt. He then argued that the act of asking a slave, "Can you read or write?—will you take a Bible?" of which his client was unwittingly guilty, does not come within the purview of the statute, which makes it punishable to do any act which would lead to insubordination among the slaves.

The Recorder briefly addressed the prisoner and told him that he highly approved the laudable work, distributing the Bible, in which he was engaged; but while executing that duty he must be cautious that he does not infringe on other rights which are sacred to this community as religion itself. Believing that in speaking to the slaves he was actuated by no evil intention, he would discharge him, bidding him God-speed in his religious career, and cautioning him against ever bringing himself in contact with our institutions.

THE VETO AND ABOLITION—THE SOUTH BETRAYED.

The South is in a continual state of alarm. Every new movement frightens the poor slaveholders. They are all the time in fear, and trembling for the safety of their darling institution, and for their own lives. And they have good reason for their fears. Read the following, which we have cut from the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.

The politicians who concocted the CLAY manifesto against TYLER and the Constitution, and those who approve of that intemperate and revolutionary address, have struck a strong blow for the abolitionists, and a traitorous stab at the South, and will be remembered for it.

The veto power is eminently a southern check, an element of southern safety. We can hardly conceive a state of things in which it could be exercised prejudicially to this, and the minority section of the Union, and the dangers it may avert are always threatenning. Always exposed to oppression from a legislative majority in Congress, the South should never be in favor of increasing its scope of action; should cherish as invaluable every constitutional check upon its aggressive tendency, and be zealous to strengthen against it the executive arm. *The veto is our best shield, this side of Nullification, against consolidation—the best weapon this side of disunion against abolition.*

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Friend McKim—I have been conversing with a very wealthy gentleman in this neighborhood, who tried to convince me that a colored person ought not to have the privilege of voting. His main argument for sustaining his position was, that supposing the slaves of the South were immediately liberated, and allowed to exercise the elective franchise, they, having the majority in some of the States, would send their representatives to Congress; which would inevitably breed a revolution betwixt the two races. And this revolution he was very anxious to avoid. This argument is somewhat similar to the reiterated assertion, that if the slaves are emancipated they will cut their masters' throats. But as this gentleman professes to be an abolitionist, and votes the Liberty Ticket, it naturally enough excited my surprise. I therefore began to suspect that his professions of abolition did not proceed from real sympathy for the colored race. And after proceeding with the conversation for some time, he disclosed his real sentiments, which had been carefully concealed by an affected sympathy for the suffering bondman.—He uttered as his solemn conviction, that no man should have the privilege of the elective franchise unless he possessed a certain amount of property.—Now I consider it as inconsistent for a man who is opposed to the rights of both white and black men to vote the Liberty Ticket, as for an abolitionist to vote for slavery. If he is in favor of partial privileges, let him go to the election and vote a ticket pledged to his aristocratical principles; and by so doing he will show forth in his true colors, and deceive nobody. I venture to say that he does the abolition cause more hurt than good. I would therefore advise him to call himself an anti-abolitionist, and no longer deceive his neighbors.

For the sake of the poor down-trodden slaves, who are now pining in the southern prison-house, I sincerely trust that there are not many such men to be found in the abolition ranks.

Communications.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XL.

About the year 1826, Samuel Low went from Easton, in Maryland, to Philadelphia, in search of a fugitive slave. After arriving there, and procuring the requisite authority, he arrested the man and took him to the office of Abraham Shoemaker, one of the Aldermen of that city. The magistrate had gone to his dinner, and had left the front door of his office open, but both the inner doors were shut and locked. They put the man in the entry, and S. Low and his company were on the step guarding him.

I was soon informed, of the circumstance, and hastened to the office. Upon arriving there, and seeing the position in which the parties stood, I concluded it would be no difficult matter to give the man an opportunity to make his escape. I stepped up to the men at the door, and in a peremptory tone and manner, demanded of them by what authority they kept the man in duress. Low replied, "he is my slave." I asked, "how does that appear? this is strange conduct, indeed,—dost thou think the laws of Pennsylvania tolerate such procedure—how do I know but you are a company of kidnappers?" This engaged the attention of Low, and his company, who turned from the man to me, and stood with their backs toward him. He suddenly rushed by them, and had run two or three rods before they discovered he was gone. They immediately raised the cry of "stop thief," and set off in pursuit of him. He got to the head of Dock-street, where he was arrested, and again given into the custody of his master.

The man who arrested him was a Hibernian, and appeared to be a candid, honest-hearted fellow. I remonstrated with him, telling him that the man was not a thief, but a fugitive slave. He replied, "then they lied, for they said he was a thief." I am sorry I stopped him; however, I will put him in as good a case as I found him." By this time a considerable crowd had collected. The Hibernian followed them some distance, close to the man who had hold of the slave, when he suddenly seized the collar of his coat and drew it down, pulling his arms behind him, and while in that condition, put his foot before him and threw him upon his face on the pavement. The slave immediately started and ran at his utmost speed, followed by his master and others, again calling, "stop thief." After running some distance he entered the shop of Samuel Mason, Jr. watchmaker, who immediately closed the door, and the fugitive, passing through, went out the back way, and made good his escape, and was never after recaptured.

The master being thus disappointed of his booty, made application to Charles J. gerso l, and his brother Joseph, who commenced a suit under the act of Congress, in the Circuit Court of the United States, against Samuel Mason, Jr. for rescuing the slave. This case created much interest and was productive of great excitement. The trial was conducted by those accomplished lawyers, on behalf of the plaintiff, with great skill, industry, and ingenuity—I thought worthy of a better cause. I was examined as a witness. In the course of my examination, I was asked what was the course adopted by members of the Society of Friends, when a fugitive slave came to them. I replied, I was unwilling to answer for any body but myself—if they wished, I would inform them how I would act in such a case. One of the lawyers then said, "well what would you do? would you deliver him up to the master?" I replied, "no I would not—in me it would be a great crime to do so. I never should expect to enjoy peace afterwards. But, on the contrary, if a fugitive was to ask my protection I would extend it to him, to the utmost of my ability. If he was hungry, I would feed him; if he was naked, I would, according to the best of my ability, clothe him; and if he needed my advice, I would give him such as I thought would be most beneficial to him."

This case was tried before Bushrod Washington nephew to our late President, and Richard Peters; and although the former was an inveterate slaveholder, I did not hear him charged with manifesting partiality on the trial, which lasted several days. It was contended by the counsel for the plaintiff, that Mason obstructed him, and thereby prevented the arrest of the slave, by shutting the door. The counsel for the defence, replied that there was much valuable property in the shop, such as jewelry, watches, &c. and that they would be exposed to great danger of loss by permitting a promiscuous mob composed of all classes of people, to enter it.

The cause, after able agument on both sides, and a lucid charge from Judge Washington, was submitted to the jury, who retired to their chamber, to deliberate on it. After being out a considerable time they came into court and stated that they could not agree, and that there was no probability that they would agree. The court ordered them out again and they were kept together several days, until the court adjourned, when they were dismissed. The case was tried again. It came on at the succeeding term, and was conducted with renewed energy and zeal, by the counsel on both sides of the question, and was again submitted to the jury, who retired to their chamber. After being out long enough to become satisfied that they could not agree, they came into court and said there was no probability of agreeing upon a verdict, and asked to be discharged. But the court refused to grant their request, and sent them out again, and they were kept together a long while, I think about ten days.—When they first went out, I was informed there were a large majority in favor of finding a verdict for the defendant. But becoming weary of their confinement, and absence from their business, several went over, and they all consented to find for plaintiff, with the exception of one,—Benjamin Thaw. He told them that he "had eaten one Christmas dinner in a jury room, and he would eat another there, before he would be guilty of such a flagrant act of injustice as he conceived it would be, to unite with them in finding for the plaintiff." This jury, like the other were kept confined to their room till the court got through their business and were ready to adjourn, when they also were discharged. The case was continued for another trial.

On the third trial, the jury, without much hesitation, found a verdict for the defendant. Two other suits were instituted on the same occasion; one was against Richard Allan, Jr. but neither of them were ever brought to trial. I was informed that the expenses of those suits amounted to seventen hundred dollars, and Solomon Low, being in limited circumstances, it caused his failure; having spent the money which justly belonged to his creditors, in relentlessly pursuing an innocent man.

I fully expected that a suit would have been instituted against me, for I certainly was much more the cause of the escape of the slave, than Samuel Mason; but they never made any attempt of the kind that came to my knowledge.

The man who escaped, was a hearty, firm-looking person: I suppose, from his appearance, about thirty years old.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1841.

MOBS, AND THEIR USES.

What American—what man is there, who, in his moments of cool reflection, does not regard mobs as disgraceful to a civilized people? Even of those who lend them, we believe the proportion is small, who would not condemn in unmeasured terms, a resort to violent and illegal modes of redress, for real or imaginary wrongs.—The New-York Courier and Enquirer, a journal that made itself notorious in times past, for its encouragement of mobism, can reason with great force and justice, occasionally, on the advantages of strictly legal proceedings in all cases, over the practice of the lynch code. It contained an excellent article, lately, under the head of "*wiser than the law*," which treated with just severity, of the ignorance and baseness of attempting to supersede the civil authority, by blind popular violence. That article is not within our reach at this moment, but according to our best recollection, we think it would form an admirable comment on the folly of recent proceedings in Cincinnati, and on the Eastern Railroad. If the editor of the New-York Courier and Enquirer can thus appeal to his readers in behalf of civil order, we may readily suppose that the most reckless mobocrat in the country, in his moments of sober thought, must feel that deep disgrace attaches to all who participate in such violations of law and justice as we have repeatedly witnessed during the last eight years. Indeed, we doubt if a single man of common sense can be found in the country, who would attempt a serious vindication of mobs.—Why, then, do they occur so frequently, or at all? The answer to this question will implicate society very extensively, and while it will enable us to fix the responsibility where it justly belongs, it can hardly fail to excite pity rather than censure, for the ignorant and misguided tools by which the actual violence is committed.

The mob spirit, in this country, holds high and commanding station. It is almost supreme, in our civil and ecclesiastical councils, forever trampling on legal and natural rights, forever wresting the laws of Divine justice from their proper connections, forever usurping power, and employing extra-judicial means to "punish offenders" against its magisterial dignity. When our forefathers admitted the existence of slavery under the Constitution, and threw over it the ægis of law, they organized a great national mob. What else are the slaveholders of our country? Have they ever ceased to mob their defenceless victims? Have they not perpetually mobbed the printing press, and freedom of speech? Do they not every day mob literature, and science, and whatever bears upon it the stamp of "nature's nobility?" And have they not mobbed the Congress of the United States, and the whole North? If they have needed a Tariff, when the North was opposed to it, they have got it by mobbing. If they have wished to abolish the Tariff, after the North had accommodated its enterprise and capital to it, and desired no change of national policy, they have secured their purpose by mobbing; and of the thousands of papers, and periodicals, and publishers, that throng in our country, few there are who have not been hunted, and chained, and unmanned, by this great national mob! Our statesmen, and judges, and governors—our President and his cabinet, are all subservient to it. Almost our entire northern press, which should be the strongest guaranty of freedom—that press which can add so much to national greatness and glory—which constitutes, shackled as it is, an agency of incalculable good, does not, *dare* not, open its mouth for Liberty and Christianity!!

We might fill volumes with the history of the doings of this national mob. Thank heaven, there are some tongues that it can never silence, and free souls that will not wear its shackles. It may destroy our printing presses, but we know how to rebuild them. We can wear our old coats another winter. We can dispense with family luxuries. If need be, we can drink our tea and coffee without sugar. We can eat our bread without butter. We can adopt a thousand simple expedients, and we *will* do it, before our printing presses shall stay own.

Mob policy is always suicidal. It never gained a victory yet. It has no sagacity, or it might see this, and profit by it. The object of its attack acquires new forces after every assault. It renews its energies, and soon compensates for all that it may have temporarily lost.—Our southern friends might learn something from the reply of a lady of Charleston, (S. C.) to a British officer, during the Revolution, who asked why Camomile was sometimes called the rebel plant. "Because," said she, "it thrives most, when most trampled on."

There are many ways in which the mob policy of the South, reacts with disadvantage to herself. Geo. Combe, of Edinburgh, who recently travelled through the northern United States, and lectured in many of the principal towns, did not visit the South, because he could not consent to have his freedom of speech constrained. We doubt not that this is but one instance of many, where men of science, capable of imparting valuable instruction, in which our southern friends would gladly participate, have declined crossing Mason and Dixon's line, for the same reason. We may account for the perpetuation of slavery, which southern statesmen and economists have admitted to be a great evil, partly by this fact, that the mobism of the South shuts out the light of truth and science from her borders. Would Professor Silliman venture to go there, with his known opinions on slavery? Would Dr. Channing? Or, were they to venture, would they return with whole limbs, and without a coat of tar and feathers?

We think of a curious reminiscence in the history of Virginia, that is worthy of a slaveholding country.—When Sir William Berkeley was governor of that province, he wrote to his king, after this manner: "Thank God, we have no free schools, and printing presses here; and I hope we shall not have them this many a day, for they have brought division, contention and sects into the world." These "free schools and printing presses" are as honestly deprecated by the South at this day, as they were by Sir William. It is the instinct of slavery, to banish such mischievous things from its presence. They cannot long co-exist on the same soil.

Reader, there is a letter on our first page, from Samuel Lewis to the Cincinnati Chronicle. It will repay thee for a careful perusal. The soul of a freeman must be stirred by such a letter. It breathes a noble spirit.—Other Samuel Lewises will spring up, in consequence of the Cincinnati mobs. When the South employs such means, she can win little, and must lose much. The gains are on the side of freedom.

Mobs have their uses. They are way-marks in our reform, to show us where we are. They will stimulate all true hearts to make needful sacrifices in this great cause. We had thought that Massachusetts was farther in the advance, and appearances indicated it. But appearances are often deceptive. Let us not be lulled into lethargy by them. Now we know that the work is not finished in the Bay State, and it is better that we know it by a volcano, than that we relapse from vigorous and constant exertion. Let no mind be discouraged, but rather awakened to the magnitude of the task before us, which can only be accomplished through "faith, and labor, and patience."—G.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETINGS OF FRIENDS.

The Protectionist of the 16th instant contains some additional particulars of the proceedings of these two bodies—the two divisions of the Society, commonly called Orthodox and Hicksite.

The former think that Friends in England have suffered in their religious character, from a connection with the anti-slavery movement. They passed censure on Joseph Sturge's address to Friends in America, a document that, to the best of our recollection, is mild even to a fault. They addressed an Epistle of Advice to subordinate meetings, that their houses should be closed to anti-slavery lectures. They may succeed in shutting abolition out of their doors, but it will find refuge in the heart. That is where it will flee to, and where it will gain easy access. Friends' meeting-houses in some parts of Indiana, have hitherto been freely opened for public addresses on the evils of slavery. We are mistaken if they will not continue to be used for the same purpose. Yearly meetings have no right of property in the houses, and travel quite out of their proper sphere, when they undertake to say what they should be used for. That will be settled by the owners.

The subject of the "Disclaimer," occasioned much excitement in the other branch of the Society. When it was introduced into the Yearly meeting, information was called for, as to the degree of unanimity that existed with its reference to that body. It was ascertained that the members of the subordinate meeting were not unanimous on the question of reference. We have been credibly informed that the Meeting for Sufferings of Green-Plains quarter, was held at an irregular hour, of which those members only received notice, who were known to be in favor of the reference; and others who came in at the usual hour, were informed that the business had been transacted, and the meeting adjourned.—This was quite a piece of *Talleyrandism!*

Another question was asked by an individual who expressed his confidence in the high character and standing of the Friends who signed the "Disclaimer," and thought it probable that the complexion of the case might be somewhat altered by a knowledge of the circumstances and motives which influenced them. He asked whether any explanations were admitted by the Green-Plains meeting. The answer was, that all evidence on behalf of the accused, *was excluded.*

It has been stated that the general impression in the Yearly meeting, with regard to the committee appointed to visit Green-Plains, was that they "were not to deal with the offenders with a view to their disownment, in case of their refusal to recede." As is mostly the case in such controversies, intelligence comes to us from various quarters, and not always definite, or well attested. We have been told, that a letter was written some months back, to a member or members of New-York Monthly meeting, to the purport, that the signification of such a wish from this quarter, would suffice to have all the signers of the "Disclaimer" disowned; and we are assured that the appointment of the visiting committee by the Indiana Yearly meeting, was *not* in such a pacific spirit as to quiet all apprehensions of serious difficulty. This is our understanding and belief.

Another correction.—A correspondent of the Pennsylvania Freeman, says of George F. White—"some of his discourses have been good and satisfactory to all, abolitionists included, whilst others have been in the usual style, raving and railing." We have been informed by a Friend who was at the Yearly meeting, that his discourses were marked by moderation, and decorum, and that he did not employ the epithets which he so liberally uses at home.—This information is direct, and may be relied on. Policy would dictate moderation and order, under such circumstances. The lavish use of his accustomed epithets—too gross for needless repetition in the columns of this paper, would have dispelled at once, all the charms of eloquence, and left his hearers free to form rational and just conclusions. Time, however, will rectify the error. The wonderful delusion that now captivates many excellent minds, will doubtless pass away—but, we fear, not until it has wrought much trouble, and severed many bonds, social as well as religious.

The following notice of the action of both divisions of the Society, is quite significant. It is from the Jeffersonian, a paper published at Richmond:

ABOLITION—YEARLY MEETINGS OF FRIENDS.

The Societies of Friends at their Yearly meetings this fall, at this place, both Orthodox and Hicksite, passed resolutions or sentiments strongly adverse to, and condemnatory of, abolitionism. The meetings were both almost unanimous in the matter. The Orthodox embodied the same sentiments in their epistles to other Yearly meetings. It must have a salutary effect. It will put abolition to rest hereabouts. Buffum "can't come it" in these diggins."—G

ERRATUM.

In the absence of the editor, a mistake occurred last week in the article on Indifference to Anti-Slavery. It was printed: "Nothing is more injurious, or more unreasonable, than the general passive subservience to public opinion? Assuredly you and I had a share of it." &c.

It should have been printed this: "Nothing is more injurious, or more unreasonable, than the general passive subservience to public opinion. *What forms this much-dreaded public opinion?* Assuredly, you and I have had our share in it."

PETITIONS.

We hope due diligence will be observed in this department of anti-slavery exertion. A new Congress will assemble in a few weeks. The first voice that they will hear from the country, should be that of the despoiled bondman, speaking through his friends, and claiming as a right, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

We have received a letter from our friend Remond, dated at Dublin, October 2d, in which he states his intention to sail, shortly, for the United States. He will receive a cordial welcome from his co-laborers on this side of the Atlantic.

☞ Our Financial Agent for the Standard, George Foster, will attend the Annual Meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society. Our friends will then have an opportunity to subscribe, or pay for the Standard, or forward contributions.

Anti-Slavery Items.

Thomas Maylin, late a member of the Executive Committee of the Ohio State Anti-Slavery Society, has resigned his place, because he cannot conscientiously "resort to artifice or violence of any kind," or "engage in political contests," to promote the objects of the Society. Dr. Bailey thinks these alledged reasons unsatisfactory, and remarks:—"Neither the Ohio State Anti-Slavery Society, nor its Executive Committee, has in a single instance identified itself in any way with any *political* party movement against slavery, or with any *violent* measures against it, or with any forcible measures of self-defence. So studious has been the Committee in following *peace* with all men, that not a single Friend belonging to the organization throughout the State has ever excepted to their measures, on the score of conscientious scruples.

This is all that is necessary to say respecting Mr. Maylin's communication.—*Philanthropist.*

ABOLITIONISTS IN JAIL.—Three abolitionists, theological students in Illinois, lately undertook to entice certain slaves in Missouri to leave their masters. They were betrayed by the negroes, and arrested—have been tried in Palmyra, and sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve years. The case, it is understood, will be carried up to the Supreme Court.

While we abominate the tone of triumph in which a portion of the newspaper press speaks of this trial, and deeply pity the young men who have rendered themselves liable, under the bloody code of slavery; still, we must condemn, in decided terms, the act which has involved such a punishment. If, on the plea of doing to others as we would that others should do to us, persons may go into slave States, and entice slaves to run off; on the same principle, those who believe in the right of self-defence, would be warranted in forcible and deadly aggression on the masters, in order to wrest from them their human chattels. Both acts are alike repugnant to the spirit and letter of the constitutions under which anti-slavery societies have been formed, and under which they have consistently acted; and, should either become common among citizens of the free States, the worst consequences would ensue. It is impossible that aggression like this, on the citizens of other States, should effect the abolition of slavery, while it could not fail to involve the anti-slavery cause in unnecessary odium, and throw serious obstacles in the way of its legitimate prosecution.—*Ib.*

PRICE OF BLOOD.—A slaveholder lately died in Georgia, and gave directions in his will that his slaves, one hundred in number, should be sold for cash, and the proceeds equally divided between the American Board, the American Education Society, the American Bible Society, and two Societies in his own State.

THE ATHOL SLAVE CASE, we are happy to learn, has been decided in favor of the liberty of the boy. He is placed under the care of a guardian, our friend, Dr. Hoyt, we believe, till of age. *Minors* cannot be carried out of Massachusetts into slavery, even with their consent. So says the *Supreme Court of Massachusetts.*

We hope for a full report of this important case next week.—*Free American.*

THE CHURCH.—Resolved by the Erie Annual Conference, Ohio, "That while it disclaims all intention of interfering with any man's private opinion, and while, as the Discipline says, 'we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery,' we judge it incompatible with the duties and obligations of Methodist preachers, to spend their time delivering *abolition lectures*, contributing to getting up *abolition meetings*, or *attending abolition conventions*, or ☞*circulating abolition petitions.*"

COLONIZATION.—*It is most remarkable, if the* EXPATRIATIONISTS do REALLY *love the colored people,* as they would have us believe, *that they cannot convince the colored people of this fact!* This they have never been able to do, and they never will. The colored people first maintained their opposition to the hateful principle of colonization, in 1817, soon after the American Colonization Society was organized; and from that time to the present, they have been increasing in their opposition, till it is only equalled by their abhorrence of slavery itself. And many of them, we know, actually prefer slavery to colonization. We heard a slaveholder from Georgia, Rev. Mr. J. Davis, give an account of some thirty, more or less, who begged and entreated their old master to send and bring them back from Liberia, as they preferred to live and die in slavery, rather than stay in that "Botany Bay."—*Emancipator.*

Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, presented a petition on a subject of the greatest importance, and to which their lordships always paid the greatest attention—it was a petition from the Committee of the British and Foreign A. S. Society. The petitioners complained that notwithstanding all that Parliament had done to abolish the infernal traffic in human beings bought and sold as slaves, the practice was still continued under disguise. The noble lord proceeded to read certain portions of the petition, from which it appeared that British merchants engaged in mining transactions bought African slaves, who were obliged to work in the mines of Cuba and Brazil. It was a matter of no consequence that these merchants were domiciled in the places named, they were guilty of felony, and liable here to be tried for it! and if guilty, sentenced to transportation for life. The petitioners further said, that large banking companies were formed in this country, who acted and co-operated with the mining companies referred to. The petition further set forth, that British merchants in London shipped goods to the slave factories in Cuba and Brazil, not for a price out and out for so much, but according to the guilty gain of the said slave-factors, the felons and pirates to whom allusion was made, at Cuba and Brazil. The noble and learned lord asked if there would be any objection to

lay on the table a report referring to the slave trade on the west coast of Africa.

The Earl of Ripon said he would make inquiry respecting the report referred to. With respect to the assertions mentioned in the petition just presented, he fain hoped, for the honor of England, that many of them were untrue.

Lord Brougham said he had no personal knowledge of the subject; highly honorable persons, however, assured him that the statements were true.—*English paper.*

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—This boundary is so termed from the names of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon—two gentlemen who were appointed to run unfinished lines between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the Territories subject to the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A temporary line had been run in 1739, but had not given satisfaction to disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement in 1730, between themselves. A decree was made in 1618, by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and those adjudged to his Majesty [afterwards to Wm. Penn,] which divided the tract of land between Delaware Bay and Chesapeake Bay, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the 40th deg. of North latitude. A decree in Chancery rendered the King's decree imperative. But the subject became a matter of serious, protracted, and expensive litigation, especially after the death of Penn, in 1718, and Lord Baltimore, in 1724, until John, and Richard, and Thomas Penn, [who had become the sole proprietors of the American possessions of their father, William,] and the original patentee, entered into an agreement, on the 19th of May, 1730. To this agreement a chart was appended, which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and delineated a division by an east and west line, running westward from that Cape to the exact middle of the peninsula.

Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with this agreement, and endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kingly decrees, and proprietary arrangements followed; which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary line. This was effected in 1739. But the case in chancery being decided, new commissioners were appointed, who could not, however, agree, and the question remained open until 1762, when the line was run by Messrs. Mason and Dixon.

MORE RELIGIOUS ACTION.—We are truly gratified whenever we have an opportunity to record, in our columns, the action of any religious body against the heathenish system of American slavery, because it is in such action, pre-eminently, that there is hope for our country, and of the bloodless emancipation of our enslaved countrymen. Had the churches in our land kept themselves uncontaminated from oppression, or had they evinced a readiness to cleanse themselves from blood-guiltiness, as soon as it was pointed out to them, the warfare which has been waged against them, would not have been witnessed; and abolitionists would have been exempted from the performance of a painful duty. Let the following uncompromising resolutions, recently passed by the Fairfield Baptist Association in Vermont, be adopted by every other religious association in the free States, and adhered to with all fidelity, and the monster slavery would quickly be driven to his own place—the bottomless pit.—*Liberator:*

Whereas, at the recent Triennial Convention at Baltimore, there was an unholy compromise with the slaveholding churches at the South, which was dishonoring to the Christian religion, and resulted in dropping several of the most efficient, acting members of the Boards of some of our beloved societies—therefore,

Resolved, That we view the same with feelings of deep regret and decided disapprobation, and that we request the State Convention, at its next sitting, to enter their protest against it.

Resolved, That it is, in our opinion, a violation of Christian principle, to admit to our communion or our pulpits, any who hold property in man, or in any way designedly give their influence to sustain the system of slavery.

ANTI-SLAVERY RESOLUTIONS.—At a meeting of the 1st Christian Church in Exeter, Wednesday evening, Oct. 6, the following resolutions were presented for consideration, and after some discussion, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas it is the duty of the Church to turn against every sin by expression and action, therefore,

Resolved, That we consider slavery, as it exists in this country, and even in the Church, a heinous sin in the sight of God; inasmuch as it makes merchandise of human beings, and deprives them of the word of life and salvation, sunders the marriage relation which God has made sacred, and tramples in the dust the golden rule of our Saviour, which he has made the basis of all our intercourse with one another.

Resolved, That since it is the duty of the Church to separate itself from all sin, we cannot maintain fellowship with any who hold slaves.

Resolved, That in our opinion, slavery occupies so prominent a place, and is brought so distinctly before the eyes of the Church, that no preacher of the gospel can innocently maintain a doubtful position in relation to it; therefore we cannot fellowship those preachers who refuse to bear a public testimony against it.

Resolved, That we deem it the duty of every Church, to labor by love and forbearance, mercy and truth, for the total extinction of slavery, and especially to purge the Church of the iniquity of the wicked and abominable system.

Resolved, That we consider the principles involved in the above resolutions as old as the truths of the gospel.

Resolved, That these resolutions be read in public on the Sabbath, and be published in the Christian Herald.

THE CENSUS OF MARYLAND.—A great fuss was made last winter at Washington under the pretext that fraud or criminal negligence had occurred in taking the census of Montgomery County, Md. It was alledged that the number was returned too low. Congress was put to an expense of several thousand dollars in re-numbering and reprinting, and a deputy marshal was indicted for the fraud. On the trial, however, it was proved that there had been no fraud. The Globe informs us of the reasons which were shown, why the census for 1840 fell so far short of 1830:

"When the census for 1830 was taken, there were about 3,000 hands at work in the county on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, who were included in it. Since that time, about 1,400 negroes have been sold, and taken from the county. These, with other known minor causes, made about the difference between the census of 1830 and the census of 1840."

Fourteen hundred native Marylanders "sold" by their neighbors into hopeless slavery, under the laws of Maryland! No wonder Maryland is poor. The curse of God will blight her prosperity until she repents and retrieves this wrong.—*Emancipator.*

J. N. T. TUCKER has commenced lecturing again, on the subject of Slavery. He is the agent of no Society, and goes out under no Commission but that from Heaven,—"Open thy mouth for the dumb, plead the cause of the poor and needy.

Among recent appropriations by the British Parliament, are the following: £12.500 "for the maintenance of captive negroes," £15.000 "for promoting the moral and religious instruction of emancipated negroes." We understand these appropriations to be for Canada, but are at a loss to know the precise application of the phrase "captive negroes."

Sir Robert Peel has, at the instance of a deputation of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, directed the attention of the President of the Board of Control to the subject of the Society's Memorial, requiring the suppression of slavery in British India.

THE VERMONT BAPTIST CONVENTION

Held its anniversary at Poultney, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

On the subject of Slavery, it was manifest that there had been the utmost done which could be done by drilling and management to keep things in their former courses and continue alliance with acknowledged flagrant sinners. All this would have availed them nothing, except on their own *system*. It was not a convention of the *people*, but of the *aristocracy*, as I will show. The representation there, is a representation of *money*, and not of mind. So much *money* constitutes a life-membership—so much *money* an annual membership—so much *money* a church representation, &c. Each association is entitled to five delegates. Then the Board claim seats by virtue of their offices, and thus add to the power to perpetuate what pleases them. Now look at a few things carried out under this *system*. From one church with which I am somewhat acquainted there were five members present. Two, who are highly valued at home, as spiritual members, and who would have gone all lengths for reform, stood by and looked on, *for want of money*. The other three held their seats by virtue of their *money* and of their offices as members of the Board. These, as might be expected, all went against reform.—Another church which was represented by the *money* and office of its members, to the number of several votes, all on the side of aristocracy and perpetuity, had not a member present on the side of reform—while the very best members of that church, in point of mind and spirituality, are for reform. Another church which receives aid from the Board, was represented by its minister who voted with the Board of course—while a deacon of the church, who is probable the most efficient man in the church, and whose money had no doubt gone to aid in giving this very minister a seat, himself stood by as a silent spectator, his mind being fully on the side of reform. Here are three classes, within my own observation. The friends of reform generally knowing what the *system* was, and having recently borne the expenses of travelling and attending the Convention at Waterbury, and some of them being conscientiously scrupulous of making such a use of money as to purchase seats in such a place, were comparatively thinly represented. Consequently, very little effort was made. The committee appointed at Waterbury to lay the claims of the cause of reform before this body, asked them to withdraw auxillaryship from the different missionary boards, which they refused to do.—*Vermont Telegraph, Oct. 20.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

ENGLAND.

The Royal Mail steamship Columbia, Captain Judkins, arrived at Boston, at 8 o'clock on Thursday morning, having left Liverpool at 2 P. M. on the 5th instant. She brought 100 passengers to Halifax, left 7 there and took on board 16 additional ones. Among her passengers is Lord Morpeth, who intends, during the next four months, to visit the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

This arrival brings Liverpool papers to the 5th, and London, to the evening of the 4th instant.

Sir Charles Bagot, the new Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, was to take his departure from London for Canada, on the 10th of October.

Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister, was to leave England on the 23d instant, in the Great Western, for New York.

The first session of the Parliament which made Sir Robert Peel Minister, was to terminate either on Thursday or Friday, the 8th or 9th, by an adjournment to the month of January or February. Its principal exploits have been to defeat the plans of the late government for furnishing the people with a regular and abundant supply of corn—to support Sir Robert Peel in postponing the consideration of the prevailing national distress until the spring of next year—to authorize Mr. Goulburn to add some millions to the national debt—and to provide a handsome income for one of the sons of Lord Abinger, in consideration of the loss of a sinecure to which he ought never to have been appointed.

The proceedings in Parliament are of some importance as showing the measures which the new Cabinet intend to adopt or abandon. The Corn law question, which is so important to the great mass in Great Britain, is to be passed over entirely till the next session of Parliament in February, 1842, notwithstanding the numerous petitions which have been got up all over the kingdom, to the effect that her Majesty will not prorogue Parliament till some step has been taken upon this question. The new Chancellor's financial scheme is given, and a loan of three millions sterling has been advertised.

Trade continues to remain in a very depressed state in England, and the sufferings of the operatives are excessive in consequence.

Unusual activity prevailed in the dockyards of Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth. The line-of-battle ships Formidable, Illustrious, Belvidere, Thalia and Heroine, and the men of war, Speedy, Pique, Harlequin, Aigle, Styx, and Malabar, were nearly ready for sea. Some difficulty, however, was found in collecting crews for these vessels. They were supposed to be intended as a reinforcement to the Chinese squadron.

Dr. Hancock, the eminent South American traveller, botanist, and physiologist, had departed this life.

CHINA.

Annexed are a few extracts from the Canton Press, of the 12th and 19th June:—

Arrangements made between H. M. Plenipotentiary and the three Imperial Commissioners:

1st. That all the troops, except those of the province, quit the city within six days, and proceed 60 miles.

2d. Six millions to be paid as a ransom for the city within one week, commencing 27th May. One million to be paid before sunset of that day. If the whole sum is not paid within 7 days, to be increased to 7 millions; if not paid within 14 days, to be increased to 8 millions; if not paid within 20 days, to be increased to 9 millions.

When the whole sum is paid, then the British forces to proceed outside the Bogue, and all the fortified places on the river to be restored, but not to be re-armed until all the affairs between the two countries are settled.

Losses occasioned by the destruction of the Spanish brig Bilbaino and the Factories to be paid.

"The Quong-chow-foo shall produce full powers to conclude these arrangements on the part of the three commissioners."

The troops had returned to their ships previous to the 14th inst., after having suffered a great deal from exposure in the marshy ground back of the city. The Chinese even sent soolies to assist in taking their traps to the boats, being glad to help rid themselves of such troublesome visitors. When the troops were being drawn off, one company was found to be missing, but after a short search, were descried up to their knees in a marsh defending themselves against superior numbers at the point of the bayonet, not being able to discharge their muskets on account of the rain which was then falling. They were rescued from their perilous situation by a detachment sent to their assistance with percussion locks.

Sir Le Fleming Senhouse, who commanded the Naval forces in the absence of Sir Gordon Bremer died at Hong-Kong on the 14th June, and was buried at Macao, at his own request, in preference to the former place. It is supposed that his death was occasioned by heat and over fatigue attending the attack upon Canton. Great sickness also prevailed among the troops and seamen at Hong-Kong. Capt. Elliott had been sick a week. Messrs. Morrison and Fearon, interpreters, had also been very ill. Six millions of dollars had been paid—five in silver, and one in securities.

The forces had left the river, except the Calliope, and Herald, at Whampoa. The Nimrod had sailed with despatches for Bengal. Captain Barlow was to proceed from there to England with despatches for the Admiralty.

"Persons suffered losses by the destruction of the Factories, requested to hand in an inventory of the same to H. M. Plenipotentiary.

"Her Majesty's subjects warned that it is unsafe to proceed to Canton, or send ships to Whampoa, and recommended to go to Hong Kong, and ratified that any attempt on the part of the Chinese, to interrupt freedom of trade and intercourse with Hong Kong, would be answered with a strict blockade of Canton.

"On the 15th June the Chinese were again preparing great quantities of fire-rafts, and large supplies of match string and money had been sent to Canton from the different provinces.

"A passenger in the Island Queen from Macao 20th June bound to Bombay with despatches to be forwarded to England informed the residents at Angier that the sickness was so great at Hong Kong that it had carried off 5 principal officers in one day."

The ships Ann McKim, Huntress, James Perkins, and Morrison, were at Whampoa, on the 19th June. The Morrison had a full cargo of cotton from Bombay. The Ann McKim had part of a cargo of cotton from Macao roads. The Huntress had two chops of tea on board.—The probabilities were, that it would be some time before the vessels would load.

RUSSIA.

The harvest in Russia has not been sufficiently productive this year to warrant the expectation of any large exportation to England.

PRUSSIA.

While the King of Prussia was at the camp in Leignitz Silesia, there were presented to him an old soldier, 105 years of age, (who had served under Frederick the Great,) and son, aged 70.

POLAND.

A letter from the frontier of Poland, of the 15th ultimo, quoted by the Frankfort Journal, a semi-official Russian paper, says: "Measures are taking, which, according to all appearance, will turn greatly to the advantage of the Polish nation. A general amnesty is in preparation, and hopes are entertained that the emperor will proclaim it in person."

A great robbery has lately been committed in the Berlin Museum. Several valuable gold and silver ornaments from Egypt, which were found in the tomb of one of the Pharaohs, and a number of other antiquities, have been carried off.

On the opening of the Strasburgh Railroad, a grand dinner was given at Mulhausen. One inscription on the walls of the dining-room, ran thus: "In 1500, the journey from Mulhausen to Strasburgh occupied eight days; in 1600, six days; in 1700, four days; in 1800, two days; in 1841, *two hours.*"

General Items.

Late from Florida.—By letters received at the office of the Savannah Republican of the 18th, by the steamer Gen. Taylor, and dating to the 13th instant from Pilatka, East Florida, we learn that the credulity with which the prospects of a termination of the war in that quarter were received, and the belief that two or three months at most will bring about that long looked-for event, are weak and visionary. Any citizen would be thought mad who would venture into the interior, a distance of two miles, without an escort of armed men. The statements of the approach of peace are opposed by too many and too cruel proofs of recent barbarities and are calculated to mislead the public mind in every respect, and thus burn "incense to a military idol." The letters add that the "coming in" of a few of the leading Indians is but a poor evidence that the war is over, as their bands have no connection with the banditti who infest the high roads leading from St. Johns, and after whom all pursuit has been unavailing, as between the latter place and the Suwanee the fastnesses afford entrance to the familiar foot of the Indian only. Another letter, dated the 13th, says that the regular troops under Captain Fulton, were attacked twice the same evening on their march from Pilatka to Mount Vernon Arsenal, a few days previous, and an attempt had been then but recently made to drive off the cattle belonging to Fort Russel, almost under the guns of a command of four companies. Troops from Fort Russell are laying on the road from this fort to the interior, on constant patrol—*Tribune.*

Hon. John Forsyth, late Secretary of State of the United States, died at his residence in Washington City, on Thursday night last, aged 60 years. His disease was congestive fever. He was one of the very ablest and strongest men of his party, and, next to Silas Wright, its readiest and most skilful debater in the Senate, at the time when its supporters in that body were called to sustain Gen. Jackson's removal of the deposites, against an overpowering opposition, headed by Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Clayton. Mr. Forsyth's powerful and indefatigable efforts in that memorable contest were speedily followed by his transfer to the post of Secretary of State, which he filled through six years, until the close of Mr. Van Buren's term.—*Ib.*

Progress of the Cherokees in Civilization.—A correspondent writing to us from "Flint district, Cherokee nation," under date of August 27th, speaks in very favorable terms of the progress which that people are making in the arts and institutions of civilized life. Among other encouraging facts which he states, he says: "An election has just taken place in the nation for councilmen, committeemen, and sheriffs, which passed off without drunkenness or the least difficulty.

"The Cherokees are now making rapid strides in education. They are more liberal in subscribing to schools than the people of any section of Arkansas, and much more punctual in paying tuition. There are among them many persons of considerable intelligence, reading and reflecting men, who are now subscribers to the best periodicals in the Union."—*Louisville Jour.*

Temperance Jubilee.—A grand display was made in this city on Wednesday last by the Washington Temperance Societies. A long procession was formed at St. John's Square, which was composed of members of the Societies, young lads, and a number of the Naval Apprentices. It marched through various streets, attended with music and banners, to Tompkins' Square, where several addresses were made. From the Square, it returned to the Park.

From Mexico.—The following is an extract of a letter to the editor of the New Orleans Courier:

VERA CRUZ, Sept. 1, 1841.

Since our last there has been a revolution which bids fair to upset the present Government. It commenced about the beginning of last month in Guadalaxara. On the 25th ultimo, Vera Cruz pronounced in its favor.—Xalapa, parts of the State with the city of Guanaxuato, and most of the southern States of Mexico, have all declared for the plan of Jalesco, which is to put down the 15 per cent. law—reform the Piauta de Camisos, and the tariff, with several other reforms.

It is thought that Santa Anna was privy to the whole of it, and more especially as he was gone to Perote, where they say he has 1200 followers, and there is little doubt he will go on to Mexico with but trifling, if any opposition, and will of course put down the present authorities, and will place himself and friends in their places. It is to be hoped that this revolution will create favorable changes; in fact, it is positively expected by the generality of the better classes of people, and we are inclined to think business must revive here in a very short time. Government must give some impulse to importations, which are the principal support of their administration. Personal or direct taxes will always meet with great opposition. Never before have things been in a worse state than they are now in Vera Cruz; and letters from Mexico assure us that the times are still worse there.

Woman's Love.—A few days since, a poor Irishman in New Orleans was placed under lock and key, for being too ready with his fists. His wife was kindly permitted by the officers in charge to visit his window, and, with her children by her side, she kept her position till her husband's release. She was advised by some who felt for her grief, to go home, when she replied that she "had no home if he could not come to it."

Cast Iron Light-House.—A cast iron light-house is about being constructed near London, at the well-known establishment of Bramah & Sons. It is intended to be conveyed to Jamaica, and placed on Morant Point, to enable the mariner to avoid the Morant Keys, which lie at a considerable distance to the southward of that point. This light-house will be 18 1-2 feet diameter at the base, tapering gradually to 11 feet at the top, and will be one hundred feet in height.

A letter from Munich informs us that the celebrated Bavarian sculptor, Stigelmayer, has brought to such a pitch of perfection his galvano-plastic process, that its effects would be deemed fabulous were they not publicly exhibited in the Museum of the Society of Arts. In the space of two or three hours, colossal statues in plaster are covered with a coat of copper, which takes with the greatest accuracy the most minute and delicate touches, giving the whole all the appearance and solidity of the finest casts in bronze. M. Stigelmayer has also applied his process to the smallest objects, as flowers, plants, and even insects, bringing them out with such accuracy, that they seem to have been executed by the hands of the most skilful artists.

Attempted Insurrection.—We yesterday learned from an undoubted source, that a plan was recently laid in South Carolina, near Purysburg, by some negroes, to rise and kill their masters. It was however discovered, as is the general fate of such evil machinations, in season to frustrate the hellish design. On Wednesday night last Mr. Zandt heard three of his own negroes and one belonging to a neighboring plantation, knock at his door, and on listening, he overheard enough to convince him that some villany was on foot, and did not admit them. The next morning he had the negroes arrested, when they confessed it was their design to have killed Mr. Zandt the moment he opened the door, for which purpose one of them was provided with an axe. They then intended to proceed to the residence of Mrs. Williams and kill her, and so on to the next neighbor.

On their examination the four negroes implicated several others who were concerned with them, and nine in all were put on their trial. Our informant thinks the four ringleaders will be hung, and the rest severely punished. Of the negroes arrested, three belonged to Mr. Van Zandt, three to Mrs. Williams, two to Mr. Hardee, and one to the estate of Yeomans.

Much excitement prevailed in the neighborhood, but when our informant left the alarm had in some degree subsided.

Texas Presidential Election.—The St. Louis Bulletin, of last Monday says:

On the margin of one of the New Orleans papers received yesterday by the Goddess of Liberty, we find the following: "General Houston elected President of Texas by 3,123 majority."

Murder in Canada.—A young colored man named William Brown, was murdered by a gang of whites at St. Catherines, on Sunday week, by being struck on the head with a stone.

It appears that a rumor was raised that a marriage was to be performed between a white woman and a black, and the crowd of whites went to disturb the parties by what is called a *charivarie*, but on reaching the house, the report turned out to be unfounded. The whites then departed to another part of the city, and meeting the deceased threw a stone which struck him on the head, causing death immediately.—*Buffalo Adv. 12th.*

Negro Hunting.—We learn from Captain Baker, that when the Champion left Mobile, an expedition consisting of two companies, was departing in quest of a body of runaway slaves, 40 or 50 miles above the city. It is believed that these fellows have for a long time, been in the practice of theft and arson, both in town and country, having their general rendezvous in a secluded swamp.—A force from above was scouring down, with bloodhounds, &c. to meet the Mobile party.—*New Orleans Bee, Oct. 4th.*

The colored people of Northamptom, Mass., have formed a teetotal society, which embraces half the colored people of the town.

Brummell and friends have passed entirely through the Thames Tunnel.

A German Society has been formed in Philadelphia, each member of which pays $100, to buy land at the West, and each is to work upon it six hours per day, half working whilst the other half rest. This sum is now sufficient to purchase a large tract. They are going to Texas.

An Expedient.—It is said that on the occasion of one of the Emperor Alexander's visits to Warsaw, there not having been time to clear the streets of a quantity of mud which had been scraped into heaps, the Russian authorities ordered the windows on the ground floor of the houses to be opened, and the mud thrown into the rooms.

British Enterprise in the East.—About 18 months ago, a vessel sailed from Liverpool, under sealed instructions, having on board two iron steamers, and a large cargo. It was at the time thought to be destined for the coast of Africa, and to have something to do with the discoveries of the Niger. But when fairly at sea, on opening his sealed orders, the captain ascertained that the steamers belonged to the East India Company, and that the three vessels were to form a fleet for the purpose of ascending the river Euphrates, in order to discover how far the river was navigable. The fleet sailed through the Persian Gulf, and went without obstruction, *eleven hundred miles* up the river Euphrates—an extent not before reached in modern times. Numerous interesting discoveries were made in the passage. The route of the 10,000 Greeks, under the younger Cyrus, was traced; the remains of innumerable water-wheels, once used for navigation, were found; and the river was found to be navigable for all purposes, by steamboats and laden vessels.

The discovery of this channel of intercourse opens a way to the British possessions in India independently of Egypt. By roads, or railroads from the northern point of the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, a shorter and easier route would be obtained than by the Red Sea.—The moral results of such an intercourse, and of the British possession of Syria and the Holy Land, would be most important and auspicious. The movements of the English government, actuated by a far-reaching and comprehensive policy, give promise that it will be speedily effected. And if so, it will at once change the moral aspect of that whole region, and throw it open to the influence of the gospel, of civilization, and commerce.

Success to British enterprise, so long as it is impelled on and guided by British philanthropy and piety.

A Yankee Governor.—A late number of the London Courier contains the following extract of a letter from an English gentleman travelling in America. It is a fair compliment to the independence of Vermont, and the *exemplary* habits of the Governor. What a contrast must such a state of things, both among rulers and people, have exhibited to this Englishman's mind, when he remembered how large a proportion of the people of England are beggars, and their rulers too lazy to work!

"I am travelling in Vermont for pleasure and information. I have journeyed five hundred miles in my own carriage, by easy stages, and have not seen a single person in my progress to whom I should have dared to offer alms! As I was detained an hour or two, a few days since, I saw a sturdy-looking farmer pass the inn, driving a one-horse cart loaded with wool, on which he was seated. He drove to a store, shouldered his bales of wool, one after another, and placed them in a merchant's shop. Who do you think he was? Palmer, the present Governor of Vermont!"

The Last Struggle for Polish Independence.—The fifty-first struggle was the siege of Warsaw. The Russian army, composed of 100,000 men, attempted two days to take possession of Warsaw, defended only by 25,000 men. Appalling and melancholy was the picture, when the suburbs of Warsaw were consumed in flames by the Russian artillery. They opened batteries of 500 pieces of cannon, which played like an infernal orchestra around the tottering houses. That tremendous bombardment lasted two days; it seemed like a canopy of destructive fire, which surrounded and covered the devoted capital. The intrenchment of the fortification was filled up with the dead bodies of Russians, who mounted upon 20,000 of their slain countrymen to gain the walls. The Poles counted 9,000 in killed and wounded. Next day, however, Warsaw was taken. This was the end of that ardent struggle of the Polish revolution, which lasted eight months. During this time, the Poles fought fifty-five battles; 420,000 Russians, with 500 artillery, had been sent against 70,000 Poles, and 120 cannon; 200,000 of the Russians fell victims in the Polish territory.

The Sailor's Home, New-York.—The corner stone of this extensive building was laid on Thursday, in presence of a very large concourse of spectators, who took a lively interest in this very praiseworthy charity.

The Rev. Dr. Cone, the Hon. Thomas Butler King, and the Hon. Ogden Hoffman, made appropriate and eloquent addresses on the occasion, which we consider one of great interest to our commercial and naval marine.

Many of our readers may not be aware that some years since, the merchants and ship owners of this city, actuated by a praiseworthy desire to benefit the morals and advance the prosperity of the sailor, contributed a fund for the establishment of a "Sailor's Home," where the much-neglected mariner, on his arrival in port, would be certain of good and comfortable accommodations, at the lowest rate, and at the same time be thrown among the better class of sailors, whose morals and habits would naturally induce them to select a "Home" in preference to those where too frequently poor *Jack* is induced to squander his little all, instead of laying it by for a "rainy day."

From this commencement has the noble edifice now in progress of erection taken its rise; and we cannot give better evidence of the good effects of such a "Home" than by stating the fact, that very many of those who have resorted to it and conformed to its regulations, are now *masters* and *mates* of our merchantmen; and that the residents of this "Home," instead of squandering their wages as heretofore, have now in deposite in the Sailor's Savings Bank, upwards of *one hundred and four thousand dollars!*

This speaks volumes in favor of the enterprise. We have only to add, that the building now about to be erected, will be 60 feet by 160; that it will be kept under the direction of the noble-spirited merchants, by whose munificence it is erected, and that it will be strictly a TEMPERANCE HOUSE.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

The Constitution of Rhode Island.—The Constitution adopted by the recent Convention in Rhode Island, and which has been published for the information of the people, embraces some new features. It provides that the General Assembly under it shall have no power to incur State debts to an amount exceeding $50,000 except in the time of war, or in the case of invasion, without the express consent of the people.

When any act to incorporate a Bank shall pass the two Houses of the General Assembly, it shall be referred to the electors, for their consideration, at the next annual election, or some other day, with printed tickets, containing the question, shall said Bank be granted, or not.

All grants of incorporation are to be subject to future acts of the General Assembly, in amendment, or repeal thereof, or in any wise affecting the same.

We notice that the Governor is to be clothed with the veto power, cut after the latest pattern.

Scene at the McLeod Trial.—A correspondent of the Albany Evening Journal condenses into an interesting letter some of the most important passages in the speech for the defence, recently delivered by Mr. Spencer. It is stated that "he unravelled the contradictions and discrepancies of the witnesses on the part of the prosecution in a most extraordinary and masterly manner. He charged directly and pointedly on them the commission of "the blackest perjury that ever disgraced a trial since the sun shone upon Christendom." He declared that he knew the testimony had all been got up for the occasion. The four learned counsels, who were here conducting the prosecution, were but a corporal's guard, compared with the mighty host who were the getters-up and conductors of this prosecution. Witnesses were raked together from all creation, and drilled in this city, in what he must denominate "committee rooms," as to what they must swear. Again, he said that he knew that the men who had banded themselves together to get up evidence to convict McLeod, and involve this country in a war with England, were sunk deep enough into depravity to collect together any number of deliberate and wilful perjurers, who would swear to any thing which would be required to make out their case.

"I," said Mr. Spencer, "make no exceptions, when I make this charge." Here Mackenzie, who sat directly in front of the counsel, commenced laughing. "Yes, sir," said the speaker, fixing his eagle eye upon him, "I wish to be clearly understood, that I make no exception whatever when I make this charge. Some of these men now hear me, and I desire them to hear me repeat, that I firmly believe every one of them is wicked enough to stop at nothing which will in any degree tend to bring about their darling object," Mackenzie nodded his compliments to Mr. Spencer, and immediately commenced writing down this withering remark of the counsel. The whole audience understood to whom allusion was made, and every eye was turned upon Mackenzie."

The Case of Holmes.—It seems that a judicial investigation will be had in the case of this seaman, accused of assisting to throw overboard the passengers of the ill-fated *William Brown.* The grand jury ignored the bills charging him with murder in the first degree, as heretofore stated, but have since found true bills against him for manslaughter.

Faneuil Hall, (Boston.)—This structure is one hundred years old. On the 14th of July, 1740, PETER FANUEIL, a distinguished merchant of Boston, made an offer, in town meeting, to build a market house, the town then being without one. The offer was accepted by a vote of 367 to 360—by so narrow a chance did Mr. Fanueil secure immortality to his name by connecting it with the Cradle of Liberty. The building was begun the next year, and finished in 1742. The generous doner so far exceeded his promise as to add "a spacious and most beautiful Town Hall over it, and several other convenient rooms," as the descriptions published at that time represent them. In commemoration of his generosity, the town, by a special vote, conferred his name on the Hall, and "as a further testimony of respect, it was voted that Mr. Fanueil's picture be drawn at full length, at the expense of the town, and placed in the Hall."

MR. FANUEIL died on the 3d day of March, 1743. The first meeting of the inhabitants of Boston, held in Fanueil Hall, was on the 14th of the same month, for the purpose of a funeral oration on the donor. The orator was JOHN LOVELL. This discourse has one merit not often to be found at present in kindred performances—that of brevity. It occupies two octavo pages of the Massachusetts Magazine.—*Boston Times.*

Maple Sugar.—The census of this State shows that ten millions, ninety-three thousand, nine hundred and ninety-one pounds of maple sugar were made in New-York in the spring of 1840. This is over four pounds to every man, woman and child in the State.—*Jour. of Com.*

Five millions of acres are devoted to the cultivation of the vine in France. The value of the articles produced is 800,000,000 francs a year.

Captain Elliot, late Superintendent of British trade in China, has been appointed British Consul General in Texas. He has only half the Globe to traverse in reaching his new sphere of official duty.

The factory girls in Massachusetts are supposed to earn $4,000,000 annually.

Bread-Stuffs grown in the United States.—In 1840, there were produced in the Union 106,089,947 bushels of wheat—419,776,871 bushels of other grain, and 102,459,926 bushels of potatoes. These returns do not include the produce of North Carolina, Kentucky, Florida, or Wisconsin. By estimating the products of these States, we have 38 bushels of bread-stuffs for every inhabitant of the United States. By accurate estimates in England, it is found that the average consumption of every person in that country is only *five* bushels per annum. Our exports to the West Indies and South America are 800,000 barrels of flour yearly, and one hundred thousand barrels are annually consumed for starch in our own cotton manufactures. It is computed that the amount of bread-stuffs now in the country is 342,768,522 bushels.

Milk is said to be an efficient cure for the burning thirst created by intemperance. Try it.

Sparks's Washington.—By letters lately received from Rome we learn that an Italian translation of Sparks's Life of Washington, with a selection from Washington's writings, is about to be published in Italy. This edition will follow the plan of Guizot's French version of the same work, contained in six volumes, and Von Raumer's German version.

From the auspices under which this translation is executing, it is reasonable to suppose that it will be done with such fidelity and elegance as to make it a fit companion for Botta's Classical History of the American Revolution, which has prepared the way for it by exciting an enthusiastic interest in the subject. No nation is more capable of understanding and admiring the character of Washington than the inhabitants of Italy; and perhaps none has more need of the lessons of political wisdom which his whole life teaches with a serene authority. Italy is the foster-mother of foreign genius, and America is likely to owe her no small debt on this score. How can we better discharge it than by imparting to her literature such models of pregnant and durable works?—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Remarkable Case of Presence of Mind.—One of the most remarkable cases of presence of mind, of coolness in the hour of impending death, occurred a number of years since, when the English ship William Neilson, was lost, by striking on the banks in the vicinity of Liverpool, during a dreadful hurricane. The ship went to pieces, and every person on board, twenty-six in number, perished!—The letter-bag was picked up on the shore the following day, and on opening it, it was found to contain a quantity of *chaff*, which the Captain, knowing the importance of the letters which it contained, was supposed to have placed there for the purpose of rendering it buoyant!

Dead Letter Office.—The dead letter office in the Post-Office Department at Washington, is a great curiosity.—The dead letters are returned to the General Post Office, with the quarterly account, from the 13,000 Post Offices which now exist. Five clerks are employed in the dead letter office. The envelops are taken from the packages by one clerk, who ties a string around the contents and casts them into a basket; the next clerk assorts them and compares them with the post bills, sending the letters to a clerk to be opened; on opening, the letters containing valuable enclosures are sent to the office where they were mailed, and sent to the owner if found. If not claimed, all money is placed in a separate fund, and the account recorded, so that it can be paid to the owner at any future period if demanded. They open about 250,000 letters per quarter; there are now several cartloads in the office, unopened. The work of opening and assorting is very tedious and laborious.—*Raleigh (N.C.) Register.*

The census of the population of Charleston, S. C. furnishes the following exhibit: White males, 6,826—white females, 6,203—total white persons, 13.029. Free colored persons—males, 581—females 976—total free colored persons, 1,561. Male slaves, 6,834,—female slaves, 8,339—total slaves, 14,673. Aggregate total, 29,263.

Postoffice Defaulters.—According to the late report of the Postoffice Auditor, Mr. Whittlesey, there were, on the fourth of March last, no less than three thousand three hundred and thirty-seven postmasters in arrears to the government, for sums varying from a few dollars to many thousands.

The British government have purchased of the Spanish government, the islands of Fernando, and Anna Boy, on the coast of Africa, for $50,000. These islands command the mouth of the Niger, and afford the utmost facilities for whatever can be done for Africa by means of that river.

A Couple of Facts.—1. A Farmer in Deerfield has this year collected from his farm, and carried to market *seventy barrels of Cranberries.* These, at the usual market price, would yield him about $300 cash.

2. A Farmer in this town has this season raised from trees occupying one quarter of an acre of ground *forty bushels of Peaches*, which he sold at an average of $1.25 per bushel. Thus a quarter of an acre of land yielded $50, with little or no cost for labor.

Foreign Relations—Now that Grogan is delivered up and McLeod acquitted, we hope the newspaper press will, for a short space at least, leave the disputed point between Great Britain and ourselves where the Constitution and laws of each country place it—in the hands of the respective Executives of the two nations. Editorial interference, too long and freely indulged, often leads to irritation, and is not unfrequently itself the cause of acts which greatly embarrass negotiations otherwise free from difficulty.

We can see nothing in the open questions between England and ourselves that may not be amicably and speedily settled; and there can be no patriot in either country that would not deprecate, as one of the worst calamities, a war between them. We are all from the same stock; the blood of Hampden and of Sydney, and the host of heroes and patriots that have illustrated the glories of England, flows also in our veins. We should be, as we are, as proud of her Milton and Shakspeare, as any Englishman of them all. Let us, then, the common heirs of so many glorious recollections, and of the indomitable love of freedom that has characterized the Anglo-Saxon race in all ages and climes, be rivals only in the propagation and defence of the spirit of Liberty, of Science, and of Christianity.

Our feelings and interests are all on the side of peace, and there can be not even the shadow of a doubt left on the subject.—*Richmond Whig.*

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 10th mo. (Oct.) 26.

For the Standard.—Samuel Lightbody, Utica, N. Y. $2; J. Miller McKim, Philadelphia, $10; J. C. Cleveland, Torrington, Conn. $2; J. D. Thomas, Springboro, Warren co. Ohio, $2. The following persons of Springboro, Warren co. Ohio, have each paid $1 50:—C. F. Farr, Frederic Wilson, Wm. S. Bedford, Joseph A. Bedford, Brooks Johnson, John T. Bateman, Joel W. Johnson. Milton T. Macy, Harveysburg, Warren co. Ohio, $2 00; Esther Winery, Edward Bradbury, Wilmington, Clinton co. Ohio, each $2; John Arnold, New Burlington, Clinton co. Ohio, $2; Mrs. Atkinson, Brooklyn, Long island, N. Y. $2; Wilmington (Vt.) A. S. Society, by their treasurer, Daniel Avery, $12; Isaac D. White, Joseph Morsill, Roxbury, Mass. each $1. The following persons of Walpole, Mass. have each paid $1 43:—Allen & Gray, Joseph Engly, Henry Gilbert, Aaron Hutchinson, Lemuel Allen, Ephraim Shepherd, William Putnum, James H. Hayford, Jason M. Reed, and Esther Tolman. Betsey Williams, Otis G. Cheever, Elisha Foster, all of West Wrentham, Mass, paid $1 50 each. Wm. Harlow, Wrentham, Mass. $1 43; Reverend Joseph Allen, Northboro, Mass. 50 cts.; Wm. S. Arnold, Thompson, Ct. $1; Job Monroe, Canterbury, Ct. $2; the following persons of Marion, Grant county, Ia. have paid each $1 50:—Jonathan Macy, J. Small, R. Overman, Jno. Allen Wm. Harrison; Charles Atkinson, Marion, Grant co

Poetry.

THE PHYSICIAN TO HIS DYING CHILD.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

'Tis a bright land, my child!
Beauty is smiling in its quiet streams;
Its green savannas, too, are softly wild,
And rich as Eden dreams.

The beautiful young flowers
Are blushing in the vales to woo thee forth;
And there is glory in the noontide hours,
And freshness in the earth.

Here are the gay winged birds,
Whom thou hast loved so well, my gentle boy;
They come around thee, warbling gladsome words,
And hymn of love and joy.

Oh Science! I have knelt
Long years before thee, and have made thy shrine
My dwelling place, till I have almost felt
Thy potency divine.

And now when I would woo
Thy gentle aid for one more dear than life,
I find that thou art powerless to subdue
The spoiler in his strife.

Vainly I've culled the leaf
From the wild brook-side, and the wood-land slope
To bring him healing; naught but silent grief
Sits in the place of hope.

Alas! my own dear child!
The dearest treasure on this life's rough sea;
How have I worshipped till my love grew wild
In dazzling dreams for thee!

I would go delve the ore,
And bid it minister its healing gift;
And every flower should yield its balmy store
Thy drooping form to lift.

But medicine no wealth
Of life's rich currents can restore to thee;
Dry at their fountains are the springs of health
Beside youth's flowering tree!

My gentle-hearted one,
Look forth once more upon this radiant clime;
Thou art so young thou canst not yet have done
With the loved things of time.

Thy mother sits in tears
By the lone fireside of our northern home,
Waiting in solitude, and grief, and fears,
The hour for thee to come.

Thou shalt return, my child;
Thy mother's kiss will meet thy pale, cold cheek;
But sealed will be the lips that would have smiled;
She will not hear thee speak.

The music from her heart
Will die away; the sweet-toned chord be mute,
Which, at thy gentle touch, could once impart
Strains like some soft-voiced lute.

Yes, thou shalt go, ere long,
To the dear home so loved by thee and me,
Where the wild blue-bird pours his joyous song,
Upon the old elm tree.

Go—but with pulseless breast,
With pallid cheek, and glazed and sunken eye;
Yes, thou shalt go in the home-tomb to rest,
Where I, too, soon shall lie.

God calls thee hence my son,
And thou shalt go in his bright place to dwell;
I must not murmur—may his will be done!
Beloved child, farewell!

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE FEVER VICTIM.

His eye grew dim, in glassy stare,
And lonely on his couch he lay,
For few were there for him to care,
In a far land away.
And to that solemn chamber came
Harsh uses of a holy name,
And heartless sounds of wassail high,
From those who, knowing no defence,
Or how to scare the monster thence,
Dared on the blasting pestilence,
In revelry to die!

Afar, an aged widow spurned
All promises of earthly joy,
Until unto his home returned
Her reckless, truant boy.
O, quaintly eloquent, though rude,
Was that poor mother's attitude,
As moved her fingers strangely slow
O'er household labor, tasteless then,
While roved her boy 'mid stranger men,
And startling tears told o'er again
Of yearning and of woe!

A fair girl, too, sat pensive there,
And a strange bloom was on her face,
Like a rose touched by cold despair,
Chill'd in its natal place.
She gazed upon the stricken dame,
Her brow reflecting back the same
Pale brightness of the moonlit tomb.
Yet smilingly she spoke—"No more;
Dear mother, all our griefs are o'er,
I think as I have thought before,
Brother will soon be home!"

Another maiden, to her heart
Alone breathed whispers of her woe,
And none could tell the hidden smart
That robed her cheek in snow.
Tears, silent trickling waters, known
But to that grieving girl alone,
Like drops that from the crystal stem,
(Hardening swiftly as they start,
Forced from their fountain warm to part,)
Fell clustering, in her lonely heart,
A frozen cavern gem!

And there were neighbors, rude, and plain,
Who, mother, brother, sister knew,
Who oft essayed to banish pain,
And something kindly do.
They knew the wilful runaway,
Guiltless he was, though wild and gay,
And fading hope they fann'd to burn,
Cheering the sister and the dame:
Saying the youth was hunting fame,
And they full soon should read his name,
And he would still return!

And riot there ran wilder still,
As fainter grew the victim's breath,
And not a tear was there to spill
Upon the couch of death.
The few kind strangers in the room
Look'd on as viewing their own doom,
When last the hapless wanderer sigh'd,
No mother's blessing there was heard,
No ear received that parting word,
When mutely the pale lips were stirr'd—
And so the victim died!

Glorious it is to have one's own proud will,
And see the crown acknowledged that we earn;
But nobler yet, and nearer to the skies,
To feel one's self, in hours serene and still,
One of the spirits chosen by Heaven to turn
The sunny side of things to human eyes.

Leigh Hunt.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

After leaving the presence of Selina, Whitlaw again visited Hogstown, and related to him, with great glee, the amusing narrative of her newly-discovered birth and kindred.

"Arn't it capital, Hogstown?" said he, rubbing his hands and chuckling with delight. "The story wouldn't have been that bad if it had happened to a proud, creole miss, who had presumed to turn up her nose at one; but to overtake the heiress daughter of a d—d proud Englishman, is altogether one of the best bits of fun as I ever came across with. Arn't it capital?"

The story was certainly one to find favor with many at New Orleans; and as the young man judged, from the manner in which his proposal for keeping it secret had been received by the hapless Selina, that there was no very good chance of his being paid for his silence, he indulged himself by repeating it, with great animation and spirit, both at the billiard and rouge-et-noir tables, which he visited the night after his last interview with her.

Towards noon, on the following day, some rumors of the terrible catastrophe began to spread through the city. The physician who was called in by the wretched father, to see if any remains of life still lingered at the heart of his unfortunate child, reported the adventure wherever he went, together with the vows of vengeance breathed by the bereaved parent, against him to whom the last communication of his daughter, pointed as the cause of the act which had left him childless.

These rumors soon reached Whitlaw; and if old Juno took her departure with celerity, for the purpose of arranging more at her ease the scheme of vengeance she meditated, Whitlaw's movements were at least equally rapid and decisive in quitting the scene where alone he believed any disagreeable consequences were likely to follow the part he had acted in the tragedy, which was becoming every hour more universally the theme of conversation.

It was hard, certainly, to be obliged so suddenly to quit a place so every way agreeable to him; but Whitlaw was, nevertheless, far from insensible to the consolation, that this necessity had not overtaken him before he had realised such a sum as to make his retirement with it decidedly a matter of triumph. He went, too, with the pleasant conviction that he had been "handsomely revenged" for the two-fold injury he had received at New Orleans; namely, the abduction of his money, and the scorning of his love; so, after a long and confidential conversation with Hogstown, who promised to supply him with all the information which his rapid retreat prevented his acquiring, he, too, took leave of New Orleans.

Hogstown kindly accompanied him to the water's edge; and his parting words were, "Remember them varmint Germans, Whitlaw. I shan't be long after, I expect: and if, between us, we can't clear 'em out, 'twill be queer, I guess."

"I'll do what I can to be ready for ye, my man," was the laughing reply. "I've a notion, Hogstown, that you and I together might do pretty nigh anything we set our wits to—hey?"

"Maybe we might, Master Whitlaw. But, off with ye—she's puffing like mad. Don't forget the parson, neither.—Good-bye."

It was fortunate for Juno's equanimity that she escaped the chance of seeing Whitlaw on board the vessel that conveyed her to Natchez. Little as the communion between blacks and whites might be, she could hardly have been in the same boat without seeing him, and she was in a state of mind to render such a meeting very dangerous to herself at least. As it was, she reached her lonely dwelling without seeing or hearing anything to disturb the sort of artificial calm into which she had brought herself, and upon which depended, as she justly believed, her best chance of success in the new project she meditated.

The night on which she reached her home was passed in the silence and solitude she longed for, but without the relief of a single moment's sleep. She laid herself upon her bed, indeed, but her over-excited faculties seemed to have recovered all the vigor of youth, and she retraced, with steady and unfailing recollection, the long account of all she had endured from the tyrannous power usurped over her unoffending race by the cruel strength of their white brethren. She remembered the wanton development of all the faculties in herself which had opened so many new avenues of torture to her heart,—he light breath of love that had passed over her, like the idle breeze of the false-seeming spring, feeling like the sweet air of heaven, but proving a blighting blast that cankered and mildewed her poor heart for ever. She recalled, with maddening truth, he first warm touch of her dear infant's lips upon her bosom,—the last agonizing kiss that she was permitted to press upon them as she was torn away from her; the savage transfer of her loathing person to another—the brutal force that kept her soul and body in a subjection that seemed to make every breath she drew, a poison to her nature,—her long, her patient, unrequited service,—her dishonored age,—the conscious treasures of her mind converted to foolery and fraud. She remembered all—all that she might have been, all that in truth she was.—And then came the closing item to this dread account—her lovely, her innocent, her own Selina—the being that her long-suffering life had passed in dreaming of, laid dead and stiff, before her, by the blasting breath of a reptile whose immortal soul she felt to be as much beneath her own in dignity, as he dared hold her unoffending race to his. "Shall he escape me, God of justice!" exclaimed the aged sufferer, trembling and exhausted by the long backward course her too-faithful memory had run,—"shall he escape?"

Some feeling, arising from a consciousness of the power she had over many human agents, stole soothingly upon her senses, and just as night was giving place to morning, Juno fell into so profound a sleep that the light was again fading when she woke from it.

It was then, indeed, the touch of Phebe's hand upon her shoulder, rather than the natural end of her deep repose, which at length caused old Juno to open her eyes, and once more to feel, with a sigh, that she was still numbered with the living.

"Oh, Juno! you are come back at last!" exclaimed Phebe, in a voice of such cheerful gayety that the old woman looked at her with surprise. "How very glad I am to see you!—how I have longed to kiss and thank you, Juno!"

"Thank me—for what, Phebe?—what have I done to please you?

"Oh, Juno!—can you ask that question, and I the happiest girl in the wide world, and all your doing, Juno; for wasn't I the most miserable, poor, broken-hearted soul, that ever cried through the live-long night, till you set about to help me?"

"And where is Cæsar, then?" said Juno, suddenly recollecting herself.

"Where should he be," replied the laughing Phebe, "but just where it was your pleasure and will he should be, Juno? And, do you know, mother," she continued, more gravely, "I have truly need of all my Christian knowledge to keep me from believing that you have, indeed, some spirits to do your bidding;—but they are good spirits, Juno, at any rate; and your power, let it be what it will, must, I am very sure, come to you from Heaven."

"I am glad you are so happy, Phebe," said the poor old woman, while an unseen tear trembled in her eye.

"How I do love you, Juno!" cried Phebe, throwing her arms round her friend's neck, and giving her a most cordial kiss.

"Do you, my poor girl?" replied Juno, while the tears rolled down her cheek. "I am glad you are not white, Phebe."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the gay-hearted girl, again laughing heartily; "that is queer to be thankful for. However, I don't care now what color I am: if Master Whitlaw don't come back to plague me, I shall be as happy as a lily-white queen."

A quivering shudder passed through every limb of Juno as she heard the name; but Phebe saw it not, and though it was in some sort received as law throughout the estate that no one was to question Juno concerning her frequent journeyings, the gay state of her spirits at the present moment led her to transgress the law, and she said, "How very long you have been away, Juno!—Where can you have been to?—and how many times do you think Cæsar and I have come, after work hours, to look after you?"

"I shall go away no more, Phebe," replied the old woman, gently, and without any symptom of the displeasure, which an inquiry would formerly have produced.

"No!" rejoined the girl cheerfully; "that's good news at any rate, for you are never away, Juno, that I don't wish you back again.—But now good-night! Get to sleep again as fast as you can, for I must be off; for, you see, I just think it's possible the smart, new gardener at Reichland may take it into his head to pay mother a visit to-night." And with these words, she was tripping away, when Juno stopped her by saying, in a very feeble voice,

"Phebe, dear, I have eaten nothing this day.—Look on the shelf there, before you go; and if you can find a morsel of corn cake, give it to me."

"My!—not eaten to-day?—oh, how bad you must be, Juno! But where's the meal—and where's the tinder box?—you don't think you're going to eat cake a hundred years old, Juno."

And without waiting for an answer, the active, helpful girl bustled about till she found what she sought, and in marvelously little time two or three light Johnny-cakes, (which, being interpreted, mean *journey-cakes*, from the rapidity with which they may be prepared,) smoked on a board before a blazing fire. Materials for the universal beverage, coffee, were also found, and in a few minutes the failing strength of poor Juno was recruited by the refreshment she so greatly needed.

"But your Cæsar is waiting for you all this time, Phebe," said the old woman, as if to try the constancy of the assiduous kindness that was so warmly demonstrated.

"Well!" replied the sable beauty, "if he is not tired with his waiting to-night, he may come again to-morrow—thanks to your kindness, Juno! and God Almighty bless you for it!"

"I am very glad you are not white, Phebe," reiterated Juno; "but go away home now, dear,—perhaps he mayn't be gone yet."

"Go away home, Juno? and leave you to eat and drink by yourself—and you're not overwell, I expect, either? I tell you, Juno, dear, that we will just see if master Cæsar will be affronted, or if he will come again, orderly and civil, to-morrow night, as he ought to do. Don't fancy you have done yet, Juno. Here's another beautiful cake, better baked, and lighter than either: and while you eat it, I'll tell you all the news. And, first, as in duty bound, I must tell you of our colonel; and he's sick, they say, and has taken it into his head that he's poisoned, because his blessed clerk is not here to watch him: that's the best news from the great house. And dear, blessed Miss Lucy has been out to see us, and came, bless her! in the middle of the night, though she had got to go back to Natchez. And you've been gone two Sundays, Juno, and the people haven't, one of them, budged an inch towards the forest for prayer-meeting, because they say you didn't tell them that they might go; and our master Edward has been sorely vexed about it, Juno. But now you are come again, all will go right, won't it?"

"It was a sin to forget it; Phebe; but I *did* forget it, and may God forgive me! But we shall have need to watch as well as to pray, Phebe, for the drivers are like ravening wolves after all who would teach us God's word."

"I expect, Juno, that is because they think God's word too good and precious for us blacks, and so they would keep it for their own use and salvation. But if master Edward speaks right—and I am not going to doubt it—some of it was meant for us; and them who would rob us of the share intended for our use, Juno, will have a worse sin to answer for, I expect, than if they stole the colonel's silver-plate big cup that they tell of, and all. Don't you think they will, Juno?"

"It is a joy to think it, Phebe," said the old woman, eagerly, and with an expression of countenance far unlike the gentle look of the well-taught and truly Christian Phebe: "it is a joy to believe that all will be made even hereafter; and for that belief, if for nothing else, every slave should be a Christian."

I don't want it to be paid 'em back in full, neither, Juno," said Phebe, gently; and I don't think quite that it will—God is too pitiful for that."

But here the discussion was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Cæsar, who, with the faith of a true heart, in the affection of his sable love, felt sure that, as she was not at home to receive him, she must be attending some duty that detained her elsewhere. The remote hut of old Juno, their common benefactress, was therefore the spot where he sought her, instead of amidst the gossipping gatherings together of the slaves, who were many of them eating their suppers in the open air.

"I thought so!" exclaimed he, gayly entering the hut, after listening for a moment at the door of it; "I thought where I should find Miss Phebe. And how is our dear mother, Phebe? I am thankful she is come back to us; for they do so talk of her at *our house*, and our Miss Lotte wants to see her again so much, that it will be a glory to tell 'em she's home again. Ah, mother!" continued he," laughing. "I'm not after bringing Phebe any more beef-steaks now. But master Edward says we shall have a Christian wedding in the forest—and he will do the parson's part himself, God bless him! and we've only waited for you, Juno, to bring the congregation back to witness it—for there isn't a man or woman of them all, as I find from mother Peggy, that will budge a step to pray in the woods till you tell 'em there's no danger.

Cæsar stopped for a moment to take breath, and Juno seized the opportunity to ask him if he was contented with his new place.

"Contented, mother!—oh, 'tis like being in heaven, or back with old master in Kentuck over again. Each one of 'em all tries to beat all the rest in kindness to the poor runaway; and only that they are afraid to make mischief, or they would come every soul of them to make acquaintance with my wife that is to be: and my beautiful Miss Lotte tells me that she means to be after coaxing you, Juno, to persuade your sour old colonel to sell Phebe to my master. Will you, Juno?—do you think you can? Say, Juno?"

"There's few things impossible, Cæsar, except making a thorough-going slave-driving, white man fit for heaven. Don't ask this of me, for I won't try it; but I'll do what I can, my children, to make you both content, for you are black, and innocent, and kind-hearted, and you deserve to be happy. And now, away with you both! Back to your mother, Phebe, or maybe she'll be uneasy for you. Good-night, my children, good-night!"

"Good-night, dear mother! good-night!" repeated Cæsar, taking Phebe's hand, and appearing to be leading her off, but lingering at every step to say another happy word.

"Think, mother, if you could get Phebe there, what, a life she would lead, always waiting upon Miss Lotte, maybe, as she did before, on precious Miss Lucy. And Miss Lotte's going to be married, too, they do so say,—just think of that, mother:—and the Herr Hochland, maybe, will take us both to a free country—think of that, mother."

"And I just want to go to sleep again,—think of that, Cæsar," said old Juno, good-humoredly; "so just go your ways home, both of you, and we'll see what can be done for Phebe."

The happy pair retreated; but though soothed and softened by the endearments of those who truly loved her, the wounded spirit of the miserable old woman did not again find rest till many hours had been spent by her in meditating on the scheme of her revenge. Agents of powerful physical strength would be needed to execute the plan that had taken possession of her soul, and for a moment she thought that the strong feelings and profound gratitude of Cæsar pointed him out as one well fitted to aid her purpose.

"He has good reason to hate the wretch, as well as I have," thought she; "and by doing my terrible bidding, he would not only cancel the debt of gratitude he owes me, but make me for ever his debtor. Where can I find another so bound to me as he?"

But something at her heart told her, that holy as she deemed the vengeance she proposed to take, it would not accord with the principles in which Cæsar was reared, to join her in it.

"He bears so light, so innocent a heart," thought she, "that it were deadly sin to lay on it the weight of blood. I—even I, bound by a thousand iron chains to do the deed—shall I ever sleep after it, as I did through the long peaceful hours of this day?—Will not the ghastly, blood-stained visage ever rise before me?—Shall I not see his young hair matted stiff in blood? I shall—I shall, and Selina will be avenged! Waking or sleeping, my harassed spirit will still rejoice; for I shall have accomplished my destiny. But poor Cæsar, happy, light-hearted boy! he shall know nothing of it. There are others—alas, too many!—who groan in the chains this wretch has tightened round them, and they will feel as I do, that when they grapple for his life, they do but perform the duty to which fate has called them. No, Cæsar shall know nothing of it."

And as she came to this resolution, she turned on her hard pillow, and once more dropped asleep.

CHAPTER XL.

Cæsar's first care on the ensuing morning was to repair to the dwelling of Edward Bligh. No longer under the lash of a task-master, he feared not to steal from sleep an hour or two for his garden, that, with a safe conscience, he might for the same space leave his work upon a business so very near his heart, as the informing his first and kindest friend; that old Juno was returned, and only waited his orders to give notice to "the people" to again assemble themselves that they might have the gospel preached to them. "And then, master Edward," continued Cæsar, looking timidly in Edward's eyes for his consent,—"then we may be married—Phebe and I, master Edward?—may we?"

"Alas, my poor fellow!" replied Edward, mournfully, "I am no ordained minister, nor even an appointed magistrate to do this for you; but yet I do believe that, in the eyes of the Most High, the ceremony that shall be read to you under the arch of Heaven, even by me, shall suffice to bless your union."

"That means that you will do it, sir?" said Cæsar, bewildered, and breathless with hope and joy.

"It does, Cæsar. I will not refuse to aid you as best I can in this. And tell old Juno, since it is her voice only that can give them courage to lift their hearts to God—tell old Juno, Cæsar, to lead the people to me at the usual hour on next Sabbath night. My heart yearns to meet them; but it is yet five days to it."

"Dreadful long time! dreadful long time! murmured Cæsar, as, after many bows and thanks, he withdrew. Why did not old Juno come home Saturday?"

He hastened back to his work; but having reached the garden, he felt so infinitely too happy to know what he was about, and so certain that he would do more harm than good there, that upon seeing Lotte and the Herr Hochland walking under the avenue of peach-trees at the bottom of the garden, he ran towards them, and clasping his hands together with a look that seemed to say, "You too must know all about it," he implored their interest to procure him a day's holiday from "the master."

"Oh, Miss Lotte! when one is going to be married, you see, the head will run upon it, do what you will. Don't it, master? And what good is it to stand with a hoe or a spade in one's hand, if one can't tell, for the life of one, where one ought to stick it first? Will ye speak a word for me, Miss Lotte? I will pray that you may both be jest as happy as I am now, if you will but get me this one day's holiday. For there's my poor Phebe, Miss Lotte, don't know it yet; and how should you like, Miss Lotte, to be left in ignorance so?"

"I'll go, I'll go, Cæsar," cried Lotte, running off very swiftly. "And I'll help, too, Cæsar," said the young baron, in his best English, as he flew after her.

Such a request, to such a quarter, and seconded by such interest, was not likely to fail; and in a few moments Cæsar was bounding over zig-zag fences, wide ditches, and stumps innumerable, to communicate to the lady of his heart, that master Edward had consented to marry them on the ensuing Sabbath, in the midst of the forest congregation.

The young Phebe received the intelligence with tears and smiles, and burned her taper fingers with the iron she was employing on one of the colonel's own shirts, in her efforts to keep her volatile bridegroom in order. But, less happy than him, she dared not leave her allotted task; and finding that his presence was far from aiding her in the performance of it, she begged him to leave her, till the hours of labor were over.

"Now isn't that altogether unreasonable, Phebe? and can't I help her, mother Peggy?—and did any body ever send off a poor fellow at such a time, before?" To all which, he received for answer, that go he must, or that Phebe would get punished for scorching the linen. Seeing, however, that he looked really and truly miserable, his gentle-hearted mistress found him an occupation for his holiday, at once delightful to him, and gratifying to herself.

"There is a thing, Cæsar, that you could do today," she said, "that would be better than helping me spoil all the colonel's clothes, and it would make next Sabbath a blessed day indeed!"

"And a blessed day it will be, Phebe, as ever God-a'mighty made—don't you be doubting that: but tell me, Phebe dear, what is it I can do to please you?"

"Can you walk to Natchez, Cæsar? Can you find out my own dear Miss Lucy? Can you tell her, Cæsar, what is going to be? And can you beg her, for the sake of the precious love she has ever shown her poor Phebe, to stand by her on next Sabbath night?"

"Can I"—and will I?—and won't I?" cried the happy Cæsar, capering like a young Newfoundland dog, when a favorite hand has thrown a stone or a stick for him to follow. "I expect I will, Miss Phebe; and I expect that I will bring you word, too, that she's most as happy as you are, and that she'll come and stand by you in the moonshine, looking jest like an angel, as she is."

The young lover then snatched a kiss as his self-allotted reward for this agreeable prophecy, and instantly set off upon his mission.

When the heart is light and beats gayly, the step in general keeps time with it,—and so it was with Cæsar. In little more than half an hour after receiving his mistress' commands, he entered the door of Mrs. Shepherd's store at Natchez, and standing before her, very respectfully, cap in hand, begged to know if he could speak a word to Miss Lucy Bligh.

"And who may you be sent by?" said the sour Mrs. Shepherd, with the glance of an inquisitor.

She could harldy have put an inquiry in a more puzzling form. Whom was Cæsar sent by?—certainly by the most charming slave in the world, and the very particular friend and favorite of the young lady he had asked for; but he knew well enough, poor fellow, that this would not avail him, for a slave was but a slave, after all. He changed his attitude twice before he had decided what it would be best to answer, and then said,

"I am jest come from Colonel Dart's plantation, mistress, and 'tis by one there that I am sent."

"One there?—and do you think, you stupid fellow! that I shall let my young ladies be called out from their work to see a nigger that is sent by one at Colonel Dart's plantation? One what, pray?—one nigger, perhaps!"

Poor Cæsar had not a word to say for himself, in answer to this shrewd conjecture; and having twisted himself about for a minute, in very evident embarrassment, he ended by saying, "It would be downright kind of you, mistress, jest to let me speak a minute to Miss Lucy."

"I do wonder what the niggers will come to!" exclaimed Mrs. Shepherd, turning to a gentleman who was cheapening cotton neck-cloths. "Now, did you ever, sir?—I expect you'd better be after returning the way you came, you saucy fellow, and not bide here looking to be waited upon by the young ladies of my establishment."

"'Tis pretty considerable cool, that's a fact," replied the customer. "Mayhap, my fine fellow, you may be sent with a love-token to the young lady."

"Like enough, sir!" said Mrs. Shepherd, tartly. "Let's see what you've brought, young man;" and she held out her hand to receive the suspected love-token.

"Not I, indeed, mistress!" exclaimed Cæsar.—"Miss Lucy isn't one to receive love-letters, that fashion. Please, mistress, let me jest speak one little word to her."

"You are a very impudent fellow, to stand there, persevering at that rate. Do you expect that I sit here to do your errands, and run backwards and forwards to fetch out my young ladies from their work to talk with all the black niggers in town? Be off, if you please, and quit—you'd best, I can tell you, before I fetch them that will make ye."

"And so, mistress, you positive won't let me speak to Miss Lucy Bligh?" said Cæsar, with something like indignation in his tone.

"My!—exclaimed Mrs. Shepherd, "you are going to knock me down, I expect? Jest hear him, sir. People may well say that the niggers will get to be our masters, if we don't look sharp."

"I say, my black prince," said the cheapener of neck-cloths, "I expect you had better quit, before worse comes. Off with you, and be thankful."

The *gentleman* raised his cane, as he spoke, and poor Cæsar, his heart swelling with vexation, silently turned from them, and left the shop.

"A first rate black blackguard, that, Mrs. Shepherd! He looked monstrous, as if he'd like to eat us both up, bones and all. A couple of hundred lashes would do him a deal of good, I guess. What was the gal's name as he asked for?"

"Bligh, Mr. Smith; Miss Lucy Bligh. She hasn't been with me long, and I calculate she won't, if she's to have such followers as that chap after her. A pretty life I shall have to lead, if I'm to sit here and be bullied by all the niggers in town and country as choose to come in with messages to my gals!"

"Bligh?" repeated Mr. Smith, without appearing to hear this tirade. "That's queer, too; and the name's not that common, neither. I say, Mrs. Shepherd, do you happen to know anything about that gal Bligh?"

"Why, perhaps not altogether so much as I ought, Mr. Smith, seeing that I has set her to work with ladies of such good standing as mine. But she's no bad needle, and not much to complain of in the way of manners; but I don't know what her raising has been, that's a fact."

"Well, now, do you know, Mrs. Shepherd, I'm altogether curious to find out something about her; and not without good reason, neither. I needn't tell such a sensible woman as you, that these are ticklish times, Mrs. Shepherd, and that it behooves the masters to look pretty sharp after the slaves; for, thanks to them eternal English, there's damnable doctrines going."

"You may say that, Mr. Smith!" responded Mrs. Shepherd, with a sigh.

"But after all, Mrs. Shepherd, it isn't half so much the niggers themselves, as the rascally whites, that puts 'em up to mischief and emancipation, and the devil's own laws about, slavery, that we have got to fear. Lord bless your soul! if the d—d missionary chaps would but let them alone, the nigger beasts would go on, and be born and flogged, and work and die, world everlasting, amen; and nobody say a word against it, good, bad, or indifferent.—'Tis these canting hypocrites, I tell you, with their Bibles and their preachments, that does all the damage; and 'tis against them, you see, as in duty bound, that we gentlemen planters are setting our strength. And that brings me round to this name of Bligh, Mrs. Shepherd. I know I may trust you, for your principles are sound. I remember the plague and trouble you got into, about the flogging that gal that died afterwards, and how powerful you spoke up against the French surgeon that wanted to make you answerable. You conducted throughout like a true-hearted Louisianian and a patriot.—We've none of us forgot it, I promise you; and that's one reason, I take it, why you have the best creole custom in Natchez."

Mrs. Shepherd smiled very complacently at the compliment, and modestly replied, that it was always her study to follow, to the best of her power, the example set her by the gentry of the best standing in the State. "But what was it, Mr. Smith," she added, "that you was going to say to me about the name of Bligh?"

"I'll tell you exact and confidential, Mrs. Shepherd; and the affair's no trifling one, neither, I can tell you. You know Hogstown? him that was overseer, I mean, to General Dissequeur, for so many years. Well, we've all subscribed, and handsome, too, to give Hogstown a salary for keeping a look-out, far and near, for all strangers suspected of preaching and praying. We couldn't have hit upon a better man, I promise ye. He's first-rate, upon my word, quite remarkable; and I calculate that we may be lucky enough to find an example, before long, to try a little Lynch-law upon. Depend upon it, Mrs. Shepherd, there's nothing as would do as much good as that. But to come to the point, you must know that Hogstown has got his eye upon a young fellow, called Bligh,—that hails from Kentucky, by his own account,—but at any rate, he is a stranger in these parts; and Hogstown has fished out, the Lord knows how, that this Bligh is dreadful pitiful and tender-hearted over the niggers, and that he frequents a family of German foreigners, downright anti-slavery folks, for they're as rich as Jews, and yet don't own a slave, and a deal more about him that I can't justly remember; but it all goes to this, that he thinks there's a pretty considerable good chance of bringing him in guilty of some of the damnable preaching and praying practices that we're on the look-out for; and if he succeeds, we're agreed among ourselves, Mrs. Shepherd, to get up a sort of a riot, you see, to set at him; and then, if happens that they let blood, why, it'll do a deal of good to the State, you may depend upon that; for there's great symptoms of fever about, I can tell you."

"You need not tell me that, Mr. Smith.—I'm sorry to say I know it over-well myself. I can't sleep for thinking of it; and happy and thankful will I be, if anything can be done for the public good, and to keep all quiet. God grant that it may last out my time! but I *do* think there's mischief brewing, Mr. Smith."

"You ain't the only one that lies awake in Louisiana for that, Mrs. Shepherd. And so, you see, there's good reason for pricking up one's ears for such a name as Bligh. Do you think, ma'am, 'tis possible the young woman can be any kin to him?"

"The most possible thing in the whole world, Mr. Smith; and I'd wager a dollar to a cent that I've had the very identical man in my store, sir. I think 'tis a matter of a month ago, or near it, that a pale, tall, soft-spoken young man, altogether a stranger to me and mine, and, I expect, to all Natchez, into the bargain, come here speering for needle-work for his sister. I wasn't over and above inclined to have anything to say to him, that's a fact; but I happened to have a deal of pressing work in the house, and I was afraid of my life that I should be obliged to disappoint one or two planter's ladies as was in a vast hurry for their things, and so I yielded, just for a trial, and the gal come over in a wagon the next market-day, from somewhere back in the woods; and here she's been ever since. But if the chap's her brother, I suppose he's too much taken up with some of his unlawful doings, to think much about her; for she come by herself, and he's never been here to look after her since."

"Well, that's remarkable, too, ain't it?—and the coming of this young nigger to visit her, without having a single word to say for himself, as to who sent him! For certain it might help us out considerable, Mrs. Shepherd, if we could certify that this girl's brother is the chap that Hogstown has got his eye upon: and then, you know, we'd get you to watch her a spell, and we might wait from July to eternity before we found out a slicker way to come at him."

"You speak sense, Mr. Smith, and trust to me for having eyes in my head. But, first and foremost, we ought to come to an enlightenment upon the point of whether the man is the right man or not; and I expect you could conduct so as easy to make his plain, sir."

"Why, I don't right know how, at this present moment, seeing that Hogstown isn't come back yet from New-Orlines—at least, I expect not. But I'll tell you, Mrs. Shepherd, who I saw in town to-day; as 'cute a chap and as true a well-wisher to the cause as Hogstown himself—and that's young Whitlaw."

"Very true, indeed, sir; he's an unaccountable fine young gentleman; but that don't go to prove as he ever saw this young Bligh, does it, Mr. Smith?"

"You're as sharp as your own needles, ma'am, and upon my word, I admire your quick capacity greatly; but I expect I can answer you not that bad either, Mrs. Shepherd. Didn't I explain to you but now how this Bligh, against whom we've got such black suspicions, was hand and glove with the German foreigners as are held to be anti-slavery folks? Well, then, now I'll come round to the right point, as I always do, I expect, Mrs. Shepherd, in the way of logic and argument. My young friend Whitlaw lives—or at least his father does—with nothing but a zig-zag fence to part him and the Germans; and I know well enough that they're no strangers, if they're no friends; for I've heard young Whitlaw talk unaccountable of the German's daughter, who is the biggest beauty, by his account, in the whole Union. Come, now, Mrs. Shepherd, don't you think it first-rate likely that things being so as I say, that young Whitlaw must know this Bligh gal by sight if she's of that breed we calculate she is? And if so, couldn't he verify her slick, if we could give him a sight of her?"

"That's jest like your 'cuteness, Mr. Smith, I must say; and I'll make no objection to that young gentleman coming here, provided he don't stare at the gal over-much, which would be what I could not approbate, on no account."

"Oh, trust him for that, Mrs. Shepherd; Whitlaw can behave himself, when there's a reason for it. Well, then, I'll step and look after him, shall I?—I know mostly where he's likely to be found; and I shan't be long, you may depend upon it."

From the National Intelligencer.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM AN OFFICER IN FLORIDA.

"In my last hurried note to you I mentioned having witnessed a scene here, a few days before, which, in my humble judgment, put the famed story of *Damon and Pythias* quite in the shade. I will give you some of the particulars:

A party of Indians was recently discovered by some of our troops, who succeeded in capturing three of their warriors; the rest of the party, consisting of three men, and women and children, numbering in all about twenty, fled. The captives were brought to this place, where they were interrogated by the Colonel, (Colonel Worth,) during which it was discovered that two of them had been concerned in killing and burning a mail-rider, some time in March last. They were told that, for this cruel act of theirs, they would be hung in fifteen days, unless, within that time, the rest of their people should come in. They were then placed in chains, and were permitted to send out the third man of their party, with a talk, to bring in the rest of their people, while they were committed to the guard. The man thus sent out returned in five days, bringing with him a warrior by the name of *Holate Fixico* and some women and children, among whom were the mother and sister of one of the prisoners, whose name is *Talof Hadjo*. The scene which followed may be dramatised thus:

Scene, an open court in front of the Commanding Officer's quarters—Indians are discovered seated under the trees, among them *Holate Fixico*, (Pythias,) on the grass, in the Indian posture—*Talof Hadjo*, (Damon,) in chains, on a bench, his head resting against the trunk of a tree, looking towards the heavens, with a countenance indicative of resignation—his mother and sister lying upon the grass at his feet—the mother *weeping* at the fate which awaits her son—the Colonel and other officers are discovered at a distance from the group of Indians.

Colonel to *Holate Fixico*.—Where are the rest of the people, sent for?

Holate.—They have separated and cannot be found. Your troops have scattered them, and they have taken different paths.

Colonel.—Know you not that, unless they are brought in, these men (pointing to the prisoners) will be hung? (A pause. The Indians disconsolate, but apparently resigned.) If I send you out for the people, will you bring them in, in time to save their lives?

Holate.—They have gone off, and I know not where to look for them. Like the frightened deer, they have fled at the presence of your troops.

Colonel.—Indian can find Indian. If they are not here in ten days, these men will surely die.

Holate.—The track of the Indian is covered; his path is hidden; and cannot be found in ten suns.

Colonel to *Talof*.—Have you a wife?

Talof.—My wife and child are with the people. I wish them here, that I may take leave of them before I die.

Colonel.—Do you love your wife and child?

Talof.—The dog is fond of its kind; and I love my own blood.

Colonel.—Could *you* find the people that are out?

Talof.—They are scattered, and may not be found.

Colonel.—Do you desire your freedom?

Talof.—I see the people going to and fro, and wish to be with them. I am tired of my chains.

Colonel.—If I release you, will you bring in the people within the time fixed?

Talof.—You will not trust me. Yet I would try.

Colonel.—If Holate Fixico will consent to take your chains and be hung in your place if you should not return, you may go. (A long pause. Talof continues throughout the scene with his eyes fixed on the heavens—his mother and sister now cast imploring looks towards Holate, who, during the last few questions, has struggled to maintain his composure, evincing, by the heaving of his breast and his gaspings, as though the rope were already about his neck, that he is ill at ease—all eyes are turned towards him—he recovers, and, with the utmost composure and firmness, replies—)

Holate.—I have no wife, or child, or mother. It is more fit that he should live than I. I consent to take his chains, and abide his fate. Let him go.

Colonel.—Be it so. But do not deceive yourself. So sure as Talof Hadjo brings not in the people within ten days, Holate dies the death of a dog.

With the utmost solemnity the two Indians were then marched to the armory, where the chains were transferred, and in fifteen minutes after, Talof was on his journey. Yesterday a messenger arrived bringing intelligence that Talof Hadjo was on his way in, with his people, and might be expected here to-morrow or next day.

There is more truth than poetry in the foregoing. And what makes it more remarkable, when compared with the story of Damon and Pythias, is, that in the one case a strong devoted friendship existed between the parties, while in the other there appears no such feeling; but the sacrifice offered by Holate arose from a purely noble and disinterested motive; a desire to save the life of one whom he considered of more consequence than himself. Pythias placed the utmost faith in the promise of his friend to return at the appointed time. The noble Holate had no such assurance given him. On the contrary, he well knew it was barely probable that Talof would return with his people in time to save his life."

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CANTON FLANNEL.

A supply of this article is being manufactured and will be ready for sale in a few days, at the above named places.

The Association has just obtained a new lot of Cotton, which will be forth